

Saint Andrew's College Review



Christmas
1927

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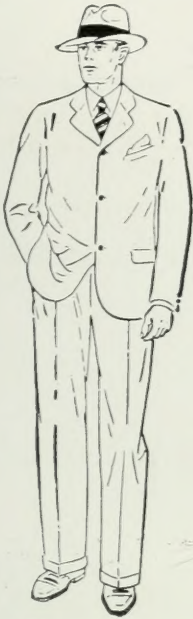
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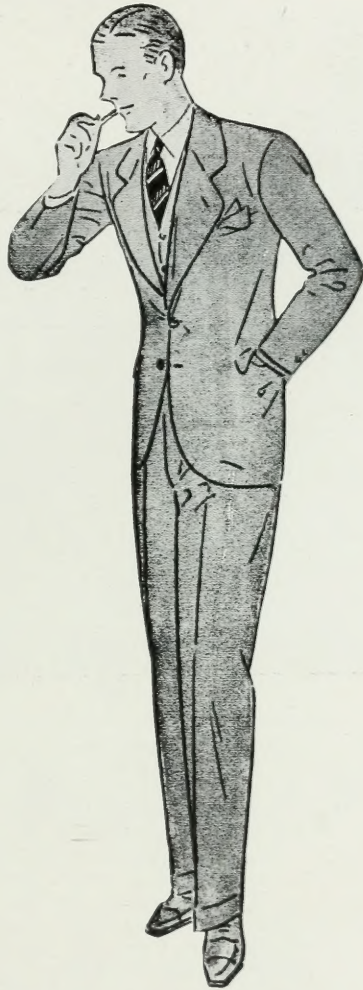
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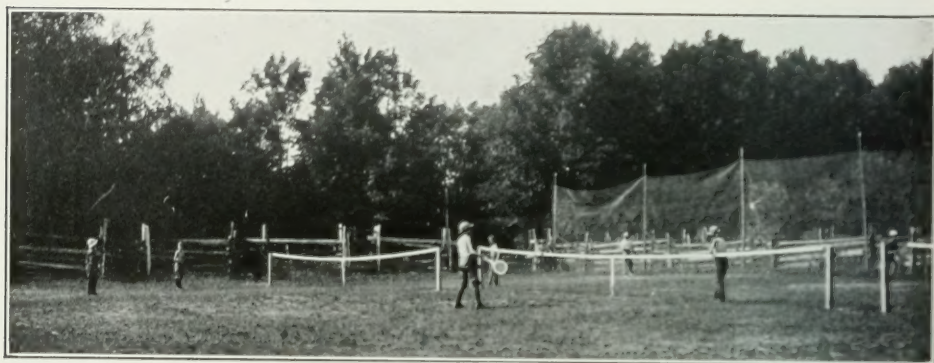
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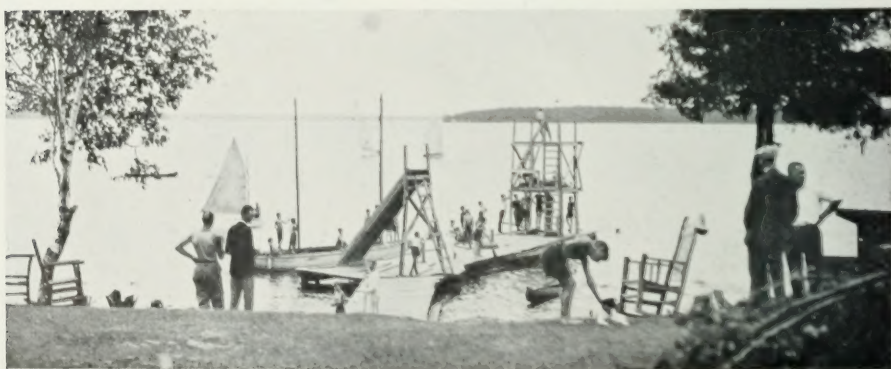


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The St. Andrew's College Review



Christmas, 1927

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EVERY CHRISTMAS, EASTER AND MIDSUMMER

Christmas, 1927

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ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE FIRST RUGBY TEAM, 1927

St. Andrew's College Review

Christmas, 1927

EDITORIAL

This issue of our Magazine will reach the boys on the closing day of school. Read and discussed on trains speeding eastward, westward, northward, it will bring them memories of what we think has been a happy and prosperous, if uneventful term, one in which everything seems to have gone smoothly—with an unusual absence of friction and a spirit of contentment and "attention to work" (as the Headmaster described it on Prize Day) that has carried us imperceptibly along through fourteen weeks of school activities to the happy consummation of the Christmas vacation.

The alteration in our school routine by which, instead of a whole holiday on Saturday, we have had two half-holidays a week; combined with the abolition of regular week-end leave, has contributed to bring about this happy result. It was hard both for boys and for masters, accustomed to the old system, to adapt themselves to the change, but we think all are agreed that the School—and that is the paramount consideration—has benefited by it. Anyhow, we shall all appreciate the freedom of the vacation with a greater zest, and we think we are not boasting in expressing the opinion that the holiday has, in the great majority of cases, been well earned.

The REVIEW welcomes to our numbers, besides the numerous new boys, four new masters. Mr. Leathers, who is in charge of the Upper Form French, is a graduate (M.A.) of Manitoba University, and has come to us fresh from a year's post-graduate study in Paris. Mr. W. B. O'Sullivan, M.A., of Trinity College, Dublin, has been engaged for several years in government educational service in the Far East. Mr. J. N. Samman, an old Cliftonian, joins us from St. Alban's School, Brockville, and Mr. G. D. Hatfield, who also teaches in the Lower School, comes to us from Acadia University, N.S.

To all our readers we offer our best wishes for a Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

CAPTAIN O'SHAUGHNESSY

Old "Cap" O'Shaughnessy had now been out of the service for nearly ten years. He had been the master of the staunch ship "Sally III," and a mighty good one too. But now he was an old man nearing the ripe age of seventy. His hair had once been chesnut-brown was now snow white; but that was the only change as far as his friends—and of those he had many—could see. His gray eyes had not lost their piercing look, his broad back none of its straightness, and his high forehead had never a wrinkle. He was a kind old man and loved children. It was his greatest joy to sit outside his small house, with a crowd of gaping youngsters, listening to his colourful tales of the sea, on which he had spent the greater part of his life.

To all the folk in the small village Captain O'Shaughnessy seemed the most contented person among them. He had a fairly good pension and had, so his friends observed, no reason to be unhappy. But, like most retired sea-captains he could not forget the ocean that had once been his home. In his old heart he prayed for a chance to be on it again, once more to hear the wind howl in the rigging, and to feel the great waves shake the ship from bow to stern.

It was a bright summer evening in July. The sun was sinking beneath the glowing waters of the Atlantic, and casting its last golden rays on the captain's little house. The old man always enjoyed the sunset, but to-night his usually smooth forehead showed two deep furrows.

If you had followed the direction of his gaze the reason would have been clear. A black cloud out in the horizon was gradually growing in size, and a distant rumble could be heard.

"Been all too calm fer me to-day," he reflected. "Not a wind stirrin', not a bird singing'. Now if thet thar cloud ain't a hurricane I'll eat me hat."

He scratched his head thoughtfully and then continued:

"Headin' this way for all she's worth. Yep! looks pretty bad t'me." Suddenly the muscles in his face tightened.

"Jumpin' Jupiter!" he exploded. "If that smack don't git a wiggle on she is a goin' on the sand bar, an' I don't mean mabbe."

The boat he was speaking of was a large fishing-schooner. The vessel had, evidently, also seen the danger for she was setting every bit of sail she could stand. She was, however, a slow old tub and the captain saw in a glance that she could never make the open sea. He wasted no time, but rushed for the life-boat station, which was only a short distance away, and gave the alarm. Just as he reached it a loud cracking of timber made him turn in the direction of the doomed vessel. It had

struck the sand bar, and was now left helpless to the fury of the storm. The men at the station signalled to the ship to put out their life boats and make for shore.

"Not a boat aboard," came the answer, "Just been through a storm and they are all smashed."

Quickly the men at the station launched their lifeboat. Suddenly there came a clap of thunder. The men looked up. The forerunner of the hurricane was upon them. The sea, that had been so calm only a few moments ago, was now transformed. Already large rollers were breaking on the shore, the wind howled and the lightning illuminated this weird scene with sudden flashes of light. The sailors strained on their oars. Would they reach the doomed ship before it was swept away by the hurricane? Could they make a safe return? They bent on their oars, nearing the helpless craft, while the hurricane rushed on, howling its menace at its intended victims. It was a race between nature and man. At last they had reached it. The sailors, of the now already half-submerged vessel, tumbled with frantic haste into the welcome life-boat. The latter was not a large one, and it was now full to capacity; but still the captain and his mate were aboard. The men hesitated.

"Git a move on," bellowed the captain. "I'm not a-leavin' this ship for a while."

The men did not hesitate any longer, for the storm was now upon them in all its fury. They pushed off and were soon speeding towards shore.

Captain O'Shaughnessy stood on the beach. The rain beat unmercifully on his face and trickled into his gray beard. To his horror he saw the two men left on the helpless craft.

"Them two men are too brave to die," he reflected. "Now if I could only do somethin'"—Oh! he knew now. He had a small boat of his own; he still had a chance to make it! Then in his old heart he thanked God for this his last chance to be on his beloved sea. Quickly he pushed his small gaily-painted dory through the breakers. People shouted at him to stop, but he only paused a moment and gazed seawards. It was truly a magnificent sight. The storm had whipped the once calm and smiling ocean into a mass of seething green water, on which huge foaming breakers rolled, and then burst with uncontrolled fury on the rocky shore. But heedless of this, the captain, with marvellous skill launched his frail craft.

The people on the shore watched horror-stricken. This quiet old man that had lived among them, and sat in the evenings with their children on his knee, was now transformed into a dauntless heroic figure.

Every moment the frail craft, which he handled so skilfully, seemed

about to be dashed to pieces by those huge, green, cruel combers, but every time he emerged safely. Nearer, and nearer he came to the doomed vessel, but weaker and weaker grew his strokes. Could he make it? Would he be on time to save those two brave souls, on the already half-broken ship? Yes! he had reached the ship at last, and with a strong arm held on till the two half-drowned men were safely aboard the small dory. Then these three brave men started back. Great rollers were soon sending them towards shore at a breakneck speed. Suddenly an enormous wave appeared behind them. Larger and larger it grew, higher and higher it towered above the helpless little boat. Then it broke! The small dory was hurled forward; there was a sound of the ripping and splintering of wood—the boat and its crew had disappeared!

A few moments later Captain O'Shaughnessy lay in the arms of his friends on the cold windy beach. They could all see that the old man was dying. Suddenly he opened his eyes and gazing at his beloved sea mumbled in a voice hardly audible:

"I was born on thet ocean, I was bred on thet ocean and all my life I've lived on thet ocean—"

He paused, seeming to gasp for breath.

"And," the words came slowly, "now I'll die with it."

His head fell back. The old captain was dead. There was a smile on his lips and a light in his eye. Cap. O'Shaughnessy's prayer had been fulfilled.

JORGENSEN (V A)



THE HEADMASTER'S POINT OF VIEW

MALAYA

The Malay Peninsula, significant as the home of the World's rubber industry and the greatest producer of tin in the world, is the most cosmopolitan country in Asia. The wealth of its soil has for centuries attracted traders, from Arabia to Japan. The natives of the peninsula are the Malays; other Asiatics, notably Chinese, Indian and Arabs are indigenous. They all live under the same laws and under the same administration and in consequence, their varying characteristics may be comparatively noted. The Malay is lazy and lethargic; this is perhaps due to the moist tropical climate, malaria and the sumptuary laws of his chiefs; all of which contributes to his choice of a quiet, unambitious life.

The Chinese, on the contrary, are hardworking, thrifty and clever; they have representatives in every walk of life. In every-day pursuits they are versatile. And, with the exception of the Japanese, are the only oriental race so endowed. The Indians on the other hand may be divided into the uneducated and the educated classes. The former, who come from Southern India, are the chief source of labour on Rubber Plantations. Under supervision they work well; without it they are lost. Indians coming from Northern India and Ceylon usually seek an English education. Thus equipped they are generally absorbed into subordinate Government Services or into mercantile houses. Some succeed in professional careers. The Arabs are usually traders, financiers or merchants; their members do not engage in any of the humbler pursuits. Every nationality practises its own religion; there may be observed in consequence numerous Hindu Temples, Buddhist Temples and Mohammedan Mosques.

The Indians are Hindus mainly; Siamese, Burmese and some Chinese from the West of China are Buddhists; the Malays and the Arabs are Mohammedans. The Chinese proper profess Confucianism, a philosophy practised in the home at the family shrine.

The White population is represented by many nationalities, the British predominating. They may be divided roughly into Government Officials and agents of mercantile or Rubber combines. Missionaries are numerous, conducting their schools under Government supervision, in return for a generous subsidy. Christian churches are sufficiently ample for the demand.

Missionary schools attract many Hindus; some of whom embrace the new faith with conscientious fervour, while others enter with the anticipation of material gain. These latter arouse a just criticism but are easily singled out from those of higher ideals. The machinations of a Chinese cook decide what one may eat, and his proficiency is determined

not so much by his ability as a cook as by the profit he obtains from marketing transactions.

One's comfort is increased or decreased by the efforts of an honest or dishonest Indian Boy.

The Peninsula extends 600 miles North of Singapore up to the Siamese Border. The hilly country about 300 miles North is the seat of the tin mining industry. The flat country is planted with rubber, rice and coconuts. Indian, Javanese and Chinese coolies work on rubber and coconut plantations; the Malay attends to the rice-fields. The rice crop is bi-annual and its failure or success depends entirely upon the timely arrival of the monsoons. Without the rice-fields being inundated, the growing of rice is impossible in the immature stages, the mature grain can however endure, and benefit by the extreme heat subsequent to the rains.

The jungle life of the Peninsula is abundant and varied. Among the Anthropoid Apes there are large specimens, the span of their extended arms being 5 feet. Monkeys are extremely numerous and varied. Among the Carnivora the Tiger is the chief. He is a noble and a formidable beast. Leopards of two varieties are found; the black panther and the lighter spotted leopard. Wild cat varying in size from feet are very numerous; they are savage and intractable. There are several species of mongoose, and wild dogs though not common, are found. They hunt in packs like wolves. The Malay Bear is scarcely more than 120 lbs. in weight, but it could maul a man badly. Elephants are numerous and are frequently domesticated, chiefly for the purpose of native ceremonial. Their tusks weigh about 120 lbs. There are two species of Rhinoceros, one species with two horns, the other with one. The latter are the rarer and heavier. Tapirs and wild pigs of varying kinds and sizes are abundant. The wild one is a great menace to hunters as he attacks on sight and without provocation. The varieties of deer are many, one peculiar to the Peninsula being the Mouse-Deer, about the size of an Irish Terrier. Squirrels as large as cats may be seen, and the Flying Lemur, a nocturnal animal is found. It is about the size of a large cat, with silvery fur and a tapering tail, enclosed in a flying membrane. There is a species of bat with a wing-spread of about 4 feet 6 inches. Of the Reptiles the Crocodile is the chief. It is found in the rivers and contiguous marshes, also in mangrove swamps. Specimens over 20 feet are not uncommon. Turtles weighing three-quarters of a ton and attaining a length of 9 feet are quite numerous. Turtles' eggs are a favorite delicacy.

Of snakes over 100 species exist; some poisonous, others quite harmless. The longest is the Python measuring up to 30 feet. It can kill, by constriction, a pig, and swallow it whole. The most poisonous snake is the

King Cobra or Hamadryad. A most numerous yet less poisonous variety is the Cobra. Round the jungle and wild life of the Peninsula centre various superstitions, for the Malay, in addition to being a Mohammedan, is also an Animist, frequently invoking deities through the medium of the tiger, with a suitable title prefixed. This is done to appease the possible anger of the beast, the amount and fervency of the invocation being in direct ratio to the proximity and abundance of the tigers. Old crocodiles, which are comparatively daring, though harmless, are considered sacred, an honour conferred with a view to ensuring the continuance of this passive attitude.

The great industrial strides consequent on the vast development of cultivated rubber, and the produce of tin, have resulted in the creation of large cities, towns and seaports.

Singapore, although a malarial swamp 100 years ago, is now a flourishing city and one of the largest seaports in the world. It is an enormous distributing-centre and a coaling-station possessing immense docks and warehouses. The great naval base, now in process of construction, will add to its significance. Penang is a city and the port handling the produce of the Northern part of the Peninsula and Siam. In these cities large Public Buildings, Hospitals, Schools, Commercial Houses, etc., compare favourably with those of the West.

The Peninsula is colourful in that it presents a picture as varying as it is interesting. Leisurely oriental life and customs may be observed in harmonious surroundings, while natives may also be seen in pursuits peculiar to the West. The wild jungle, and all that it means, is at hand for those who seek its charm; the modern city for those who desire it.

The average temperature is 90 in the shade and the average rainfall 85 inches. In this particular there is no variation.

The Peninsula being close to the Equator, the sun rises at 6 a.m., and sets at 6 p.m.—there is no twilight and there are no seasons. The dull monotony consequent on this state of affairs reacts on the natives and moulds their character accordingly, infusing characteristics lethargic and unambitious. This is in direct contrast to the temperate and seasonable climate of the West, where the people are more virile, not in consequence of comparative individual superiority but as the direct result of the blessings of nature.

W. B. O'SULLIVAN.

PHOENIX

Phoenix was one of the first ore-bearing districts in the interior of British Columbia to be discovered by prospectors, and there was great excitement when the rumor spread eighteen years ago that the rock there was half copper. There was the usual wild stampede, fights over property ownership, and at last the settling down of the lucky who developed their claims, and the drifting away of the unlucky who had to go farther afield in search of fortune.

In those early days when the average prospector would sell for a very little, the Granby Company came in and bought up a number of the claims, and started work, at last receiving their crown grant. The huge task of bringing in machinery from Spokane (the nearest railway point) was started. This machinery was brought as far as Grand Forks by wagon, and from there to Phoenix by pack-train. I have talked to a man who helped lead that huge pack train thirty miles over the mountains to Phoenix. He said it was a huge task: the trail was bad, the horses would stumble, and everything had to be unpacked at night and loaded again in the morning.

Finally the machinery arrived; men set it up hurriedly and work was started. At first the ore had to be "rawhided" to Grand Forks, and from there was carried on wagons to Marcus Washington, while the road was being built up to Phoenix. The G.N.R. then built a railway from Marcus to Grand Forks and later up to Phoenix. At the same time the Kettle Valley Railway built in from Lethbridge and on to Hope. It also built a line up to Phoenix.

When the railways were in, the real work started. A smelter was built at Grand Forks and was gradually enlarged until it became the largest smelter in the British Empire, working eleven furnaces and smelting 3,400 tons of ore per day; also producing about 345,000 lbs. of blister copper per week in bar form.

This continued for well over twenty years. Everyone had lots of money to spend, as everyone worked for the company and received good pay. The Granby laboured under some very great difficulties, for there were from twelve to eighteen feet of snow there all winter, Phoenix being the highest incorporated city in America and correspondingly cold. Every time they were going to blast in the "glory-hole" they would blow a whistle and all the windows in the town that faced the mines had heavy shutters pulled over them and all the people had to get off the street—they would just step into any house for shelter; and about four o'clock you might step into your hall or out onto your verandah and find a stranger sitting there.

Phoenix has seen her day, and a vast amount of ore of high value has been shipped from her mines, but all that remains is the memory. At the end of one month there were over five thousand people in Phoenix living in pleasure and comfort at their work and at the end of the next there were perhaps five. The company simply closed down the mines, took out the machinery and all the people were left idle. They just packed up their furniture and other belongings, and left, not even bothering to take out the glass in the windows or the doors. Phoenix was left to be salvaged by whoever wanted the job. The best things were removed by a salvage company, and what was left was for anyone to carry away what they needed. If a man wanted lumber or brick or anything of that nature he always went to Phoenix to get it free of charge. All he had to do was to pile it on a truck and take it away.

On entering Phoenix to-day all one sees is row upon row of half-dismantled houses, myriads of greenish-coloured ore-dumps, streets all over-grown with weeds and bushes and a marble War Memorial on the mountain top, which reminds you that though Phoenix may be only a memory, its rough miners who sacrificed themselves in the Great War are not entirely forgotten.

KINGSTON (L. VI).



IN THE TUCK SHOP

THOR

Thor was three-quarters Great Dane and quarter wolf, born in the wilderness and raised to its merciless struggle for existence. He was almost four years old, lacking no experience that the north could offer. Since puppyhood he had toiled in the traces of the sledge, suffering the cold and starvation of the long trail. Old Jerry McTigue, who had been his master for the past ten months, was dead, and Thor had automatically become the property of Dick Osbourne, McTigue's partner. Thor despised Osbourne, and in his brute soul smouldered a hate for him until at last there came a day when the wolf quarter-strain dominated.

Osborne with his ever-handly whip, entered the cage and threw some frozen fish to the dog.

"Eat it, ya' stupid swine!" he muttered.

Thor eyed the food and growled sullenly. Osborne was furious.

"Eat that, ya' lazy cur!" he shouted raising his whip.

Like a thunderbolt the beast launched his hundred and sixty pounds of hate and fury at the astonished bully. The steel-like jaws closed on the man's fore-arm, crushing the bone at the elbow. Osborne shrieked in pain and rage, and using the loaded handle of his whip as a bludgeon, he felled the dog with a single blow.

"Osborne, if you strike that dog again, I'll shoot!"

Osborne wheeled around to find himself staring into the muzzle of a Winchester. Behind it was John Taylor, his steady grey eyes burning with anger.

"This is the fourth time I've caught you beating this poor hound," he went on coolly, "and I'll make sure it's the last."

"But look what the devil did to my arm," wailed the culprit, "why he's almost ——."

"Shut up!" snapped Taylor, "I am buying him for twice his worth, and if you say another word I'll report you to the Mounted Police for a couple of past incidents I know of, so clear out!"

Osborne took the two little pouches of money offered to him and went away holding his arm.

For two days Thor was sick and would not eat, but on the third day when Taylor came to him there was no snarling; he allowed Taylor to stroke his head. When he discovered that it was not unpleasant, he crept forward and rested his nose on the toe of his master's boot. Never before had he known such gentleness, such friendship from man. In his savage way he loved this new kind of master and was ready to die for him. Thus the two became fast friends, each trusting the other as far as is possible in their wild sphere of life.

For the next two years they travelled together through the vast barrens and forests of the northland, starving and freezing, always combating the numberless perils of the wilderness. Taylor, a worthless but kind man, was simply a wanderer, shifting from place to place not caring when or where he went. He followed gold rushes, trapped, fished, and even acted as a guide to summer tourists.

It was in the autumn, when the chill tang of the night air transforms the green forest into a riot of colours, and wild geese honk over the marshes. Thor sat in his master's tent, blinking lazily at the firelight and at the wreaths of smoke floating upward from his master's pipe. As the dim twilight faded into night the forest became still and dark, but Taylor's little fire flickered on in the silence. He was snapped out of his reverie by a low growl from Thor. He arose, and as he threw fresh fuel on the fire the bushes parted and a man stepped into view. For a moment Taylor stared in doubt ——— it was Osborne!

"Now it's my turn," he sneered, whipping out an automatic, "where's that whelp of yours?"

"And what if I don't tell you?" said Taylor in a cool, sarcastic tone.

"Why, I'll just naturally ——."

But he could not finish; Thor was at his throat like a demon of fury, bowling him over in a heap. A shot rang out, followed by a scream which died in a gurgling groan, and the two relaxed on the ground. Osborne was dead with his throat ripped open and Thor with a bullet through his heart.

CRUSAN, (LOWER VI).



TWO TRANSLATIONS*

LA FEUILLE

By ARNAULT

Leaf that driftest, sere, forlorn,
 From thy branch untimely shorn,
 Where goest thou?
 —I may not say.
 Tempests wild have rent in twain
 The Oak that was my only stay.
 Since that hour, with purpose vain
 Winds have driven me at their will
 East and south and north again:
 From the forest to the plain,
 From the valley to the hill
 I drift through every wind's domain.
 And uncomplaining, void of fear,
 —Even as the leaf of Beauty's rose,
 On the bay-leaf that Fame bestows—
 I go the path of all things here.

LE POETE ET LES ENFANTS

By VICTOR HUGO

'Tis strange how, as I sit within the park,
 The children all come crowding round me. Hark!
 Trooping they come—they've spied me straight away.
 They know I'm of their kin, and fond as they
 Of fresh air, pretty flowers and butterflies
 And scampering wild field-things; for who so wise
 And swift as children to divine a friend!
 Such they account *me*. There's no sudden end.
 To noise and jollity when *I* intrude.
 I've shared (they feel it) every rapturous mood
 Of childhood, and though sober now the eye
 That marks their sport, it gleams with sympathy.
 So mine's the fame of One who Can't get Cross,
 The Entertainer Never at a Loss,
 Expert with paste and cardboard, pen and ink;
 And (at the hour when lamps begin to blink)
 Teller of Tales that keep you scared all night!
 Kind too, not proud—in fact, accomplished *quite*.

*These are free versions, *not cribs!*

THE BUILDING OF THE PANAMA CANAL

Nearly four centuries ago, the Spanish explorer Balboa led a band of men across the Isthmus of Panama, or, as it was then called, of Darien, and claimed the whole territory for Spain.

The narrowness of the Isthmus suggested that a canal be cut through it. In places it is less than fifty miles in breadth. To sail the forty-five miles from Colon to Panama required a ten thousand mile trip around Cape Horn, at the foot of South America. Yet it was nearly four hundred years before any effort was actually made to construct a short-cut.

In 1876 the French formed an organization for the purpose of surveying the Isthmus of Panama, and in 1878 the Colombian Government granted a concession permitting them to set about the actual work of cutting the canal.

Ferdinand de Lesseps was made president of the Panama Canal Co., but the company went bankrupt in 1889, and operations were postponed until the new Panama Canal Co. was formed in 1894.

The United States, meanwhile, had not been idle. They had, now and then, quietly made surveys of the various routes, and in 1901 the commission turned in a report in favour of Panama, recommending the lock type of canal. They set the value of rights, concessions, lands, property, etc., at \$40,000,000.

In 1902 an Act of Congress authorized the President to buy the property at this figure. They got control of a six-mile strip of land from the Colombian Government. A treaty was later made with Panama giving them control of a ten-mile strip. This was ratified in 1903 by Panama and by the United States in 1904, in which year work was actually started.

The Isthmus runs east and west, and is cut by the Canal in a south-eastern direction from Colon on the north to Panama on the south. At Gatun there are three locks in flight from sea to lake level. At Pedro Miguel, on the Pacific side, there is a drop of thirty feet to a small lake fifty-five feet above sea-level, dammed at Miraflores. The total length of the canal from deep water in the Caribbean Sea to deep water in the Pacific Ocean is about fifty miles, of which fifteen miles are at sea-level. The hydro-electric station uses water from Gatun Lake to drive three huge turbo-generators of 2,000 kilowatts each, which operate the locks and spillways, the terminal shops and facilities, and the lighting system. The biggest obstacle met in building of the canal was the slides and breaks which fell into the excavation, closing drainage, etc. The greatest was at Cucaracha in 1884. The largest undertaking in the whole work was the Gaillard Cut, from which a hundred and fifty million cubic yards had to

be taken out after twenty million had already been removed by the French.

Gatun Dam was also a great undertaking. The lake has an area of a hundred and sixty-four square miles and is the largest artificially formed lake in the world. The dam is seven thousand five hundred feet over all, two thousand one hundred feet wide at the base, three hundred and ninety-eight feet through at the surface of the water and one hundred feet wide at the top, which is one hundred and fifteen feet above the level of the sea. The front is an arc seven hundred and forty feet long, with fourteen openings, which permit a discharge of a hundred and forty thousand cubic feet a second. The locks are a hundred and ten feet wide and have usable lengths of a thousand feet. These locks, which are in pairs, may be filled or emptied in fifteen minutes, forty-two seconds. It takes ten hours to go through the entire canal.

So far, over 40 per cent. of the ships passing through the canal have been engaged in United States coasting trade, thus saving 7,800 miles a trip.

The distance from Liverpool to San Francisco is now 2,833 miles, saving 5,666 on the old journey of 8,449 miles. The voyage from San Francisco to Gibraltar is from 12,571 to 7,621 miles. Other distances are reduced accordingly.

The building of the canal is of tremendous importance to Western Canada, whose grain and lumber are now shipped by water to the Eastern seaboard and to Europe, avoiding the long haul across the continent by rail. Vancouver's importance as a grain-centre has grown at the expense of Winnipeg, and we see why this city, anxious to regain its former predominance, is specially interested in the opening of the Hudson's Bay route to Europe.

C. C. MACDONALD (VB).



VARSITY DRAG—A RETROSPECT

By K. B. CARSON

Of course if I had the doing of it over, I wouldn't. Being educated, I mean. I would simply sit up with Elbert Hubbard's scrapbook some night and the next morning would be Convocation.

An education is a very valuable asset to a man who expects to earn his living either by working or by selling bonds. Elbert is a shortcut, but in my day a young person who wanted an education went to a university.

A university has a campus, professors and rugby team. My university had a campus, professors and it had a rugby team in 1919. When I was there, the campus and the professors were all.

One of the professors was called Hank Eiderdown. Prof. Eiderdown was the original of all the absent-minded-professor stories. He was always being taken into custody in his pyjamas at some news-stand and sometimes he even forgot to call the roll.

Hank could never be described as a snappy dresser, but he had that easy air of good-fellowship with his haberdashery, which marks the English Gentleman, the world over. His valet always slept in the suit which Prof. Eiderdown would wear the next day.

While lecturing, Hank would stride impatiently back and then impatiently forth. His notes were systematically mangled before each lecture, seasoned with onions and left to cool. Now and then he would walk out of the lecture room about halfway through his discourse and deliver the concluding remarks on The Labour Theory of Value to an audience of astounded Elks in some downtown hotel.

Another professor by the name of Sim Hay used to offer Psychology, Sim is now known as Hey Hey. He had a laboratory where people were always firing off pistols and ringing bells. Sim always believed that a wink was a pretty important matter. He used to draw pictures of thoughts on the blackboard but most of the students couldn't recognize one.

One of the great advantages of a university education is THE CONTACTS.

I had a lot of friends but not many of them ever paid the money back.

Speaking of contacts. I used to rub up against Lightning Smithers, The Big Man on The Campus. They called him Lightning because he never made a strike twice in the same place. Lightning was prevalent in class elections and absolutely virulent in student societies. He was voted as The Man Most Likely To Succeed, but they forgot to tell him what it would be in.

Another chappie, who liked my cigarettes, was Skippy McCoy the cheer-leader. He never had a chance. The team was always tasting the glory of defeat. Skippy was just a cheerless leader. He had the motions and everything, but the only time he had a chance to do his stuff was when the team came on the field.

A fellow in the library told me that some of the students drank. There were reports of orgies in the Political Economy Club but the matter was never probed. The students always seemed to be as sober as the Graduates. The Grads used to visit the Old Bricks every now and then in their re-union suits.

Fraternities are Attic forms of Tag. They have names like Greek translations of radio-stations. Fraternity men live in a communistic state wherein they pool their wardrobes and their brains. Now and then a fraternity man stops playing bridge in order to attend a lecture.

"I do not choose" to give the impression that university students never work. Some of them do. I knew several Grinds who could always be excavated in The Library when one wanted to borrow their notes. One of these inhuman ants signed himself Bertram Wissle. Bertie knew a tremendous amount about Chaucer. He could talk like a medieval hostler. What if he did sound like an airedale! He was not a favourite with the faculty, for Bertie was given to asking intelligent questions and the professors frowned upon such originality. All's fair in the end. Bertie is now a professor himself.

Then there were the minute men who performed prodigious feats of study on the night before the finals. Strange to say, a lot of these fellows got away with quite brilliant papers, although they reverted to their primeval black-bottom state after the crisis had passed. I always liked these boys, most of them are in the bond business now where their education is a great help to them I am told.

There were always a few radicals about the campus. They spent so much of their time arguing among themselves that they never had the time to turn the Y.M.C.A. into a dangerous hotbed of communism. It was just as well that the radicals did not represent one theory instead of communism, atheism, zionism, anarchism, collectivism and so on. Most of these boys are doing well in the cloak and suit business.

So there you are! Elbert Hubbard's Scrapbook will take all this away from us. For the campus substitute the post office—Alma Mater, dear old P.O. box 123. Cut out the jolly old coupon. Flabbergast the boss by quoting Molière to that Hamilton prospect—"I did not know that you could josh the busboy in Greek"—"Two weeks ago I was a cuckoo, now I am still President of the Ne Plus Ultra Ochre Works at a reduced salary".

Alas, and what will the professional coaches do?

SHOOTING SEALS

The common hair seals, which are abundant on the Atlantic coast, kill a great many salmon and are therefore a pest. Last summer the government put a bounty of three dollars and fifty cents on each seal, which was to be paid on presentation of the snout.

My father and brother and I arrived at Jack Wishart's one afternoon about five o'clock, where we left our car to take a motor boat out to the beach which was to be our "base." It took us about three quarters of an hour to reach our camping-ground, and, as it looked like rain, we put up our tent. We then had dinner and made plans for the next day. About eight o'clock somebody suggested a game of cards. We hung up a flashlight and played for about an hour, when we decided to go to bed.

We were all up very early the next morning to find that it was a beautiful day. The air was alive with all kinds of waterfowl, out to stretch their wings after the night's sleep. Occasionally a seal's head was seen in the little gully which led in from the sea.

After breakfast we gathered all the necessary articles for the morning's expedition and set off in the motor boat. We travelled along the coast about a mile and a half before we sighted the bar on which we were to dig down in the sand and wait for the seals.

We dug a hole in a suitable place on the bar and as quickly as possible got down out of sight, while the boat was being taken away in the distance. In about half an hour we sighted heads appearing on the surface. The seals had been out fishing all night and were now coming in to sun themselves on the sand. Gradually they came closer, until they were about two hundred yards away. As they were bobbling up and down in the waves it was rather difficult to get a shot. We therefore decided to wait until some should come closer, and perhaps a couple would crawl up on the beach. Only about a quarter of our heads was showing, but, in spite of that, the seals were very timid, as they had been shot at so much by the Frenchmen. It was nearly an hour before one crawled up out of water. Soon there were four on the sand about thirty yards from us, and two dozen in the nearby water. Father gave the warning and we each fired two shots. They had all disappeared except the four dead on the sand. One by one we would see a head come up out of the water for air and before they were out of range we had some very fast shooting.

When the boat returned we began to search for the two seals which we had hit, while in the water, and which were already sunk. We soon found blood and oil on the surface and, tracing it to its source spied one of our victims on the bottom. Although the water was about five

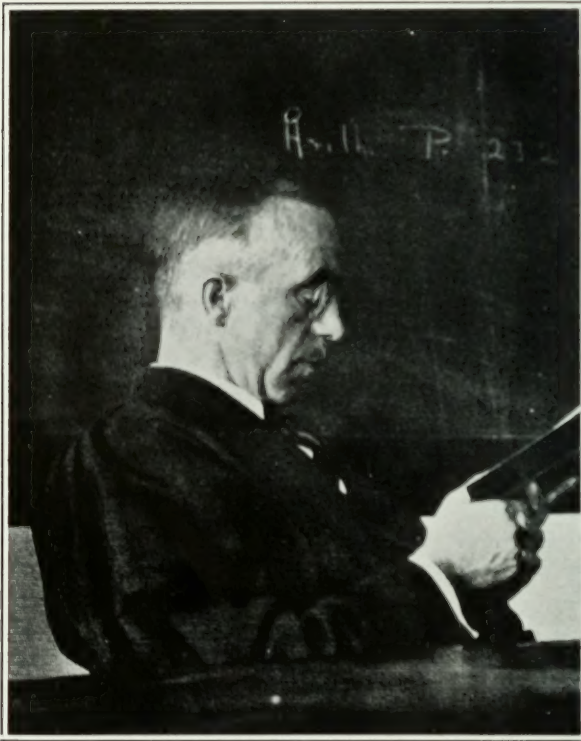
feet deep it was clear and we soon managed to gaff him. It took us several minutes before we found the other.

On our way back to the tent we had several shots at the slimy-looking heads, but we did not have a chance, as the boat, as well as the seal, was tossing around on the waves.

That afternoon we went off the coast nearly four miles, where we caught about two dozen codfish.

The next morning we shot three more seals before we packed up for home, after having a very successful trip.

E. H. SINCLAIR I (Form V B)



ELUCIDATING A PASSAGE OF MODERN VERSE?

ODE TO A PIECE OF CHEWING GUM

(Written at the beginning of the school term.)

Thou dear companion of my idle hours.

Sweet morsel, toothsome playmate, we must part
For twelve long weeks, and I must heal the smart
Of sad division with what cates I may.

And yet—what tinct, what odour of plucked flowers,

What cunning product of the baker's art,

Fruit of the South, or dainties from Cathay

Can soothe the parching tongue when thou art far away?

Some, when they lose thy adventitious aid

Take foul-mouthed pipe, or the chaste cigarette

To be their comforter: but do not fret,

Nor think that I on such base love will feed.

Thy kiss, more tender far than e'er a maid

First gave her lover, lingers with me yet,

A sweet remembrancer: and vile indeed

Were I to banish it with smoke from a foul weed.

O Adam's, Wrigley's, Pearson's, are ye fled?

O gentle Spearmint, where wilt thou be found?

Alas! for me, though flowers throng the ground

And sunlight fills them, joy is now no more

Since thou art absent from beside my bed.

Nor music, nor the bright, tempestuous sound

Of jazz can make my heavy spirit soar

To those glad heights which we together scaled of yore.

The grim footballer, leaping for the ball

May clench thee unrebuked between his jaws.

The honoured gentlemen who make our laws

May turn thee o'er their tongues, the while a stream

Of golden eloquence therefrom doth fall.

Brokers may cram thee in their greedy maws,

Yet 'gainst their honour thou dost tip no beam:

While I, poor schoolboy, can of thee but sit and dream!

Listless, I sigh and wander to and fro,

Yet often fill my teachers' hearts with joy.

They call me "excellent," an "excellent boy,"

When I but seek to dull the memory

With studious books: for thou dost ever go,

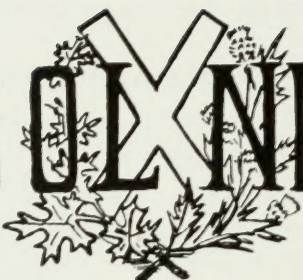
Like some pale fragrance which can never cloy,

Sweetly before me: O that when I die

We twain may journey thus through all eternity!

X

SCHOOL NEWS



THE LITERARY SOCIETY

On Friday, November the twenty-fifth, the election of officers for the year 1927-28 was held.

The following officers were elected:

Honorary President,—The Headmaster

President,—Mr. Findlay

1st Vice-President,—Rolph

2nd Vice-President,—Foster

Secretary,—Lough

Historians,—Murphy, Shortly

Upper Sixth Representatives,—Ellsworth, Carson

Lower Sixth,—Broome, Crusan

VA,—Case

VB,—James

Fourth Form,—May

Third Form,—Goulding

Lower School,—Gould.

The following Saturday the first meeting was held, during which the officers acknowledged their thanks for their election, and a number of very interesting speeches were given.

Broome enlightened us with a few facts concerning our hockey prospects, which seem very promising.

Mr. Findlay related a number of very humorous incidents, which happened when he was president of the society in 1900. He also stated that he hoped that all the boys would get behind him and the rest of the officers, and help to make the year 1927-28 the best year that the Literary Society has ever enjoyed. And we have all decided to do so.

After Mr. Findlay's splendid speech, Mr. Leathers was kind enough to show us some slides on points of interest in Paris and explained them to us very entertainingly.

M.F.S.

THE FRENCH CLUB

The St. Andrew's French Club is well under way, under the leadership of Ellsworth and Hume, aided, of course, by Mr. Leathers. Whitock as secretary, and Giraldo as editor of "Le Figaro" are also helping make it a real success. The meetings, held on alternate Fridays, take the form of carefully prepared programmes of business, reading, songs, games, short scenes, and debates. A subscription to *La Presse*, of Montreal, gives the members plenty of reading material. Judging from its very successful commencement the club should certainly increase both in interest and in membership. It is hoped that the members may put on an open programme next term in conjunction with a regular meeting of the Literary Society.

CADET CORPS

OFFICERS :—

Captain—McLandress.

Lieutenants—Carson, Crusan, Lough, Murphy.

C.S.M.—Smith.

Sergeants—Detweiler, Ellsworth, Grant, Hannam.

O.C. Band—Lieut. Rolph.

Band Sergts.—Drums, Knap; Bugles—Strathy; Bagpipes—Hume.

Cadet Instructor—Sergt. Major F. Millican, formerly of The Army Physical Training Corps, Aldershot.

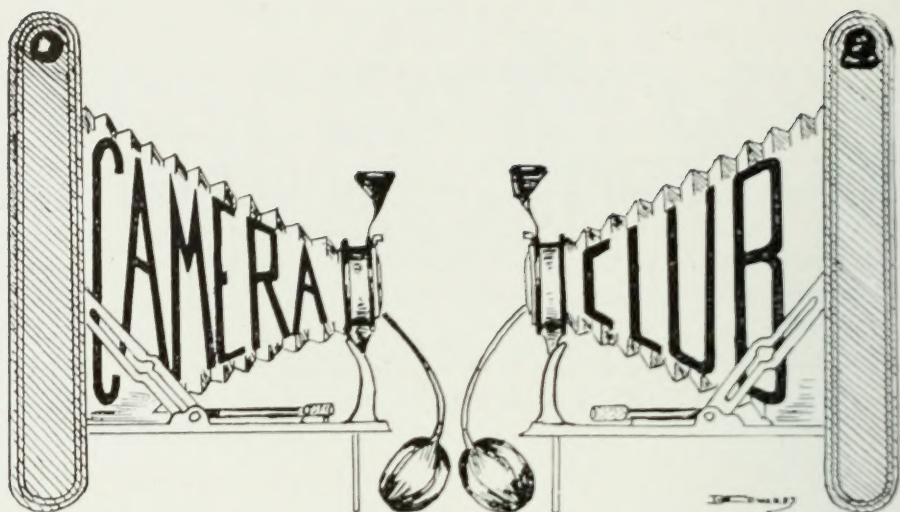
Prospects for a smart Cadet Corps are exceedingly good for this year.

Favourable weather conditions have made it possible for a considerable number of parades to be held this Fall under the supervision of Sergt. Major Millican, which will give the Corps a good foundation for more intensive training in the Spring.

The officers and N.C.O.'s are all newly appointed. Drill for the officers and N.C.O.'s has been arranged for, and throughout the winter term parades will be held so that in the Spring they will be thoroughly competent in drilling their men.

The band this year is larger than that of last year; four drums being added. The band as in former years is instructed by Captain Slatter and Pipe Major Fraser of the 48th Highlanders of Toronto, and promises to be one of the best bands in the history of the Corps.

K.W. McL.



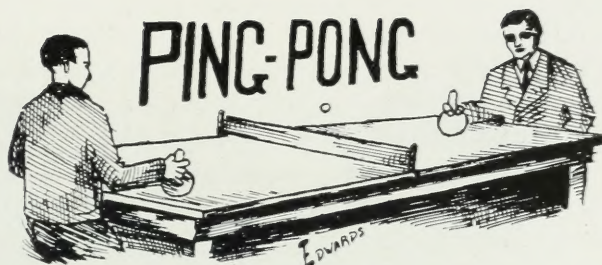
The Camera Club was formed early this term and the following officers were elected:—President, Mr. Samman; Vice-Pres., Ellsworth; Secretary, Brown II; Treasurer, Shortly; and a committee composed of Craig, Slein and James. Although football claimed nearly everyone's time there is a fairly large membership list.

Through the great kindness of Mr. Slein, who presented the Club with a magnificent enlarging camera, our scope of work has been greatly broadened. The equipment is now everything that can be desired both in the Upper and Lower School dark-rooms.

A competition has been arranged and will consist of five groups of photographs: action, interior, landscape, portrait and architecture. The photos must be 5" x 7" enlargements and may be as numerous as desired. The negative must accompany every photo. All work must be done by the entrant and it will be judged for subject, technique and composition. Two prizes will be given. This competition will be announced next term, and it is hoped that there will be many entries.

F.W.L.B.

On Sunday evening, November 20th, Denton Massey, an Old Boy of the School, addressed us in chapel. Mr. Massey conducts a very large men's Bible class in Toronto, which is broadcasted every Sunday over CJYC. His talk, which abounded in anecdote, held everyone's attention, and we hope we may look forward to another visit from him before long.



Last Fall, after Rugby was over and just at that mid-season when outdoor sports are nil, Mr. Cowan resurrected an old table and began to play ping pong in the gym with some of the boys in order to get some interest aroused. This game, although not a muscle-builder, is very exciting and requires no end of skill to play it properly. Seeing that it went over so well more tables were asked for, and this Fall five new ones were ready for the different Houses. The tables and other equipment were put in charge of a Committee consisting of Crombie, Wilson, and Craig who began right away to organize what was to become a very exciting and well contested tournament.

Large lists which showed at the beginning of the play-offs gradually grew smaller, and by two weeks were down to four boys: Crombie to play Lough, Wilson to play Loblaw. A large crowd was on hand to see this last round but nothing like the number that turned out to see Wilson the heaviest and best natured fellow in the school take the school championship and Cowan Cup from Dave Crombie, the longest man in Montreal.

Wilson at the finish of the third and deciding game was carried, much to his disapproval, on the shoulders of his admirers through the halls until this rejoicing was checked by Mr. Laidlaw.

Wilson is not to keep the cup, however. Next term a similar tournament is to be played off, the winner of which will meet Wilson for its ownership.

G.E.C.

LOWER SCHOOL NOTES

Although formal greeting has been given elsewhere, we should like to take the opportunity of welcoming in our own space our two new masters. Mr. Hatfield, a graduate of Acadia University, Nova Scotia, has, we believe, already begun to distinguish himself as a dramatist; while Mr. Samman apart from his magisterial qualifications, is a more than competent photographer, who could make even a Chevrolet look like an automobile.

The Junior Cross-Country was held on Nov. 10th, a particularly damp and muddy day. In spite of adverse conditions, however, Rea II made good time, and finished first in 17 min. 2 sec. Hill and Chubb finished second and third at some distance behind him, while Sinclair II and Choppin took fourth and fifth places respectively. There was a very good entry, and nearly everybody completed the course.



HALLOWE'EN PARTY

Miss DeVigne gave a very enjoyable party on Hallowe'en. During the course of the evening, Mr. Seman took a flashlight of Cosgrave and some others.

On Wednesday, Oct. 5th, Barclay played a football match with a Pickering College Fourteen-and-under Team and defeated them 11-0.

The Lower School Team is to be congratulated on being the only one in the School to win all its matches!

PRIZE DAY

Once again our Prize giving was held on St. Andrew's Day, Nov. 30th. Perhaps our patron saint was angry with us for deserting him last year; perhaps he thought that our "initiation" ordeal on that occasion was not thorough enough; perhaps he is resentful of the neglect shown to his image—still left recumbent on the grass beside the driveway. At all events, the worst brand of weather that we have seen all this Fall was reserved for our annual celebration. But, again like last year, neither rain, sleet nor mud could prevail against us or apparently even affect the attendance. The great gymnasium was quite filled with parents, Old Boys and friends, many of the boys having to sacrifice their seats. The guest of honour this year was his Excellency, the Governor of the Gold Coast, Sir Gordon Guggisberg. Other distinguished visitors on the platform were Sir William Mulock, Brig.-Gen. Mitchell, Dean Primrose, Sir Robert Falconer, Sir Henry Pellatt, Professor Albert Baker, Provost Cosgrave, besides members of the Board of Governors including Mr. J. K. Macdonald.

After the opening religious exercises, conducted by Rev. Dr. Little, the Headmaster delivered his address. Reviewing the history of the school during the past year, the matriculation results, the good record of the cadet corps, and athletic successes, he referred with pride to the gallant rescue of a drowning boy performed by the brothers Sinclair during the summer. The literary success of three Old Boys (referred to elsewhere) was described. Dr. Macdonald then went on to speak of the healthy tone he has observed in the School this year, and to an attitude of "attention to work" which he attributed to the abolition of "week-end leave." He expressed gratitude to Mr. E. T. Malone, K.C., for his generosity in the gift of the "Maurice Malone Field." Finally a glowing tribute was paid to the leadership of Sir J. Flavelle; and the welcome announcement made that, thanks to Sir Joseph's generous help, the school may hope to be out of debt by Christmas.

Sir Joseph Flavelle presented the prizes to the Lower School. His speech was very brief—mainly the telling of an anecdote whose moral was that boys should follow their highest aim undeviatingly and heedless of distractions.

Provost Cosgrave of Trinity College presented the prizes to the Middle School. He also spoke very briefly, urging the boys to combine their record for sportsmanship with one for scholarship.

In giving the prizes to the Vth Forms Archdeacon Cody delivered a few telling sentences. The 6th Form prizes were presented by Sir Robert Falconer, who spoke in a very gratifying way of the reputation of St.

Andrew's College at the University, and urged the boys to carry on the pioneering work of their forefathers into the still unfinished task of building up a great nation. Mrs. Ross of Government House, and Mrs. Mickle presented the special prizes, and the rifles to members of the Cadet Corps.

In introducing Sir Gordon Guggisberg, who presented the special medals, the Headmaster said that, after introducing in past years many distinguished visitors to the school, he had never felt more pleasure in doing so than on the present occasion. He described Sir Gordon as "a man of achievement, who having come to great opportunities, as a result of past accomplishments, has proved eminently worthy of a trust vitally important in the sight of God and of man He comes not merely as a great pro-consul of our mighty Commonwealth, but as one doubly of our own blood, since like most of us he is Canadian born."

His Excellency, who certainly "looks the part" spoke briefly of the work that Britain is endeavouring to carry out on the Gold Coast in educating the splendid native races, "whom you call negroes," into a capacity for self-government. He mentioned the great success of coco-palm cultivation in bringing prosperity to the inhabitants, and gave warm praise to the high sense of sportsmanship shown by native cricketers and football teams. Sir Gordon described the work of the "assistant residents" assigned to the different ruling chiefs. They often combine the offices of doctor, engineer, police-magistrate with that of general adviser. He urged the boys to think of this as a possible career, saying that in his opinion there was no finer opening in the world to-day. If he were a young man to-day he would choose this work in preference to all others.

After the ceremony in the gymnasium refreshments were served in the combined dining rooms of Memorial and Flavelle Houses, and the usual informal dance concluded the proceedings about 6.30 p.m.

HOCKEY SCHEDULE

Wednesday, Jan. 11th—U.T.S. at Varsity
Monday, Jan. 16th—U.C.C. at Newmarket
Monday, Jan. 23rd—S.M.C. at Newmarket
Wednesday, Jan. 25th—U.C.C. at Arena
Monday, Jan. 30th—U.T.S. at Newmarket
Wednesday, Feb. 1st—S.M.C. at Varsity.

PRIZE LIST, 1926-1927

YEAR'S WORK

Preparatory Form

1st. General Proficiency Straith, J. L., I

Form I

1st. General Proficiency Halverson, A.

Form II

1st. General Proficiency Gurnell
 2nd. " " Hunnisett, H. A., II
 3rd. " " Waller

Form III

1st. General Proficiency Annand
 2nd. " " Chubb
 Special " " Ritchie

Form IVB

(No Award)

Form IVA

1st. General Proficiency Burson, G. E., I
 2nd. " " Morlock
 3rd. " " Macdonald C. C., IIa
 4th. " " Rhynas
 5th. " " Parker

Form VB

1st. General Proficiency Brown, F. W. L., III

Form VA

1st. General Proficiency Sprott
 2nd. " " Black
 3rd. " " Robertson

Form Lower VIB

1st. General Proficiency Maura (a)

Lower VIA

1st. General Proficiency Rea, D. K., I (a)
 Moffat
 Special White, Hume F., II

Upper VI

1st. General Proficiency.....	Coleman
2nd. " "	Young
Special	Phin

Head Prefect's Prize.....	Squires
Governor-General's Medal.....	Reid, G. A.
Lieutenant-Governor's Silver Medal.....	Young, G. W.
Lieutenant-Governor's Bronze Medal.....	White, H. F., II
The Chairman's Gold Medal.....	White, H. F.
Wyld Prize in Latin.....	Smily, O. P.
The Isabelle Cockshutt Prizes in History.....	Maura, B.
.....	Sprott, M. F.
Old Boys' Medal in Mathematics.....	Reid, G. A.
Ashton Medal in English.....	Smily, O. P.
Cooper Medal in Science.....	Green, J. L.
Georges Etienne Medal in French.....	Phin, S. R.
Hulbig Prize in Mathematics.....	White, H. F.
Laurence Crowe Medal.....	Slater, N. D.
Thorley Medal.....	Giraldo, C. A.
Christie Cup.....	Green, J. L.
48th Highlanders' Chapter of the I.O.D.E. Rifle (for Proficiency in Shooting).....	Acheson, W. G. C.

HONOUR LIST

66% and over
Midsummer Exams.

<i>Preparatory Form</i>	5th.....	Thomson, H. M., III
1st.....Straith, J. L., I	6th.....	Cleman
	7th.....	Russell, J. D., IV
<i>Form I</i>	8th.....	Goulding
1st.....Halverson	9th.....	Burson, H. R., II
2nd.....Bodkin	10th.....	Sinclair, W. W., II
3rd.....Locke, J. S., III	11th.....	Choppin
4th.....Cox, W. L., II		
5th.....Gordon, D. F., III		
	<i>Form III</i>	
<i>Form II</i>	1st.....	Ritchie
1st.....Gurnell	2nd.....	Annand
2nd.....Waller	3rd.....	Hillary
3rd.....Hunnisett, H. S., II	4th.....	Chubb
4th.....Schimmel	5th.....	Richardson, G. A., I

Form IVA

- 1st.....Burson, G. E., I
 2nd.....Morlock
 3rd.....Macdonald, C. C., II
 4th.....Parker
 5th.....Rhynas
 6th.....Duthie
 7th.....Grant
 8th.....Sinclair, E. H., I
 9th.....Temple

Form VB

- 1st.....Brown, F. W. L., III

Form VA

- 1st.....Sprott
 2nd.....Black
 3rd.....Bascom
 4th.....Robertson
 5th.....Hume
 6th.....Reive

7th.....Crusan

8th.....Eaton

Form Lower VIB

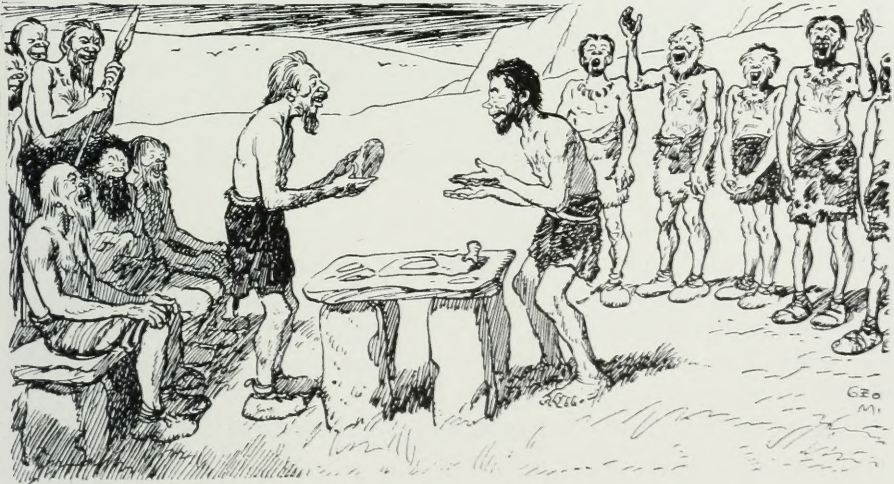
- 1st.....Maura
 2nd.....Lough

Lower VIA

- 1st.....White, H. F., II
 2nd.....Rea, D. K., I
 3rd.....Moffat
 4th.....Slemin
 5th.....Barron

Upper VI

- 1st.....Beach
 2nd.....Jackson
 3rd.....Coleman
 4th.....Young
 5th.....Phin

**PRIZE-DAY IN THE STONE AGE**

The distinguished visitor presents a flint medal to the discoverer of the fact that two and two make four

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ATHLETICS

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THE SENIOR CROSS-COUNTRY RUN

The annual Senior Cross-Country Run was held on Tuesday, November 15th, having been postponed from the day before on account of exceptional bad weather.

The race was called for 3.45 and everyone was on time, making a very shivery scene in their white shorts and bare legs.



With the gun one or two would-be winners, who were determined to be at the front for at least a few minutes, took the lead in turn, but they soon weakened and their places were taken by James, who was followed at a nerve-wracking closeness by Carson. This kept up for two thirds of the race, when Carson, seeing his chance, took the lead and trotted home the winner.

James ran a fine race, but after he dropped back to second place was never dangerous.

Giraldo played the dark horse by coming out from his crutches and ran a very plucky race for third.

The following were cake-winners:—Prefects' cake: Detweiler I; Upper Six, Rea I; Lower Six, Brown I; Fifth Form, Rea II; Fourth Form, Annand; Third Form, Goulding; Lower Flat, Shortly; Upper Flat, Crocker; 1st team, Follett I; 2nd team, Cox I; 3rd house, Kennedy.

G.E.C.

JUNIOR CROSS-COUNTRY RUN

On November 10th, twenty-three entrants lined up before Mr. Chapman for the annual Junior Cross-Country Run. The course was quite muddy after the mild spell of the few preceding days, but every runner finished well. Rea II, led the field from the start and finished in 17 min. 2 sec. He gets his name on the Campbell Macdonald Cup and receives the Silver Medal. Hill was second, to become present holder of the Olympic Medal and to win the Bronze Medal, closely followed by Chubb for third place.

The prize winners:

1. Rea II. Name on Campbell Macdonald Cup and Silver Medal.
 2. Hill. Olympic Medal and Bronze Medal.
 3. Chubb. Fourth Form Cake.
- Sinclair II, Third Form Cake.
Graham II, Second Form Cake.
Richardson II, Prep. and First Form Cake.
Ellis, Lower Flat, Flavelle House Cake.
Barclay, Upper Flat, Flavelle House Cake.

RIDING

Under the capable management of our instructor riding has been carried on now for several years, at St. Andrew's.

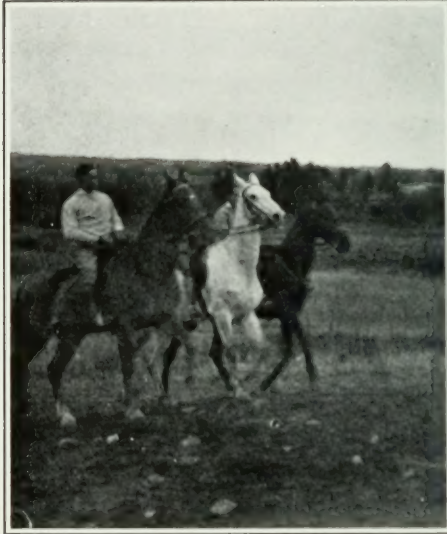
The experience of last year and what has elapsed of this, has shown the benefits of the move from our old surroundings in Toronto as far as riding is concerned.

When we returned from the holidays this Fall, the first thing that was noticed was the absence of the old stable in front, and the erection of the new one a little way back of the school.

Riding, the ideal kind of exercise, seems to have more exponents this year than ever before, and it is to be hoped that even more will recognize the wonderful opportunity we have here to enjoy it at its best.

A number of the Hunt Club members have been keeping their horses at the school for the hunting season. Several of the boys have also been attending the hunts regularly.

H.H.R.





The Golf Committee, under the supervision of Mr. Chapman, have made excellent progress despite the limited time the members have been able to devote to the work. Four holes have already been laid out. This has been greatly appreciated by the golfers of the School.

It is planned to construct a nine hole course next Spring, and Mr. Stanley Thompson has consented to supervise the work. When completed this will not only be a great addition to the athletic facilities, but it will also improve the appearance of School's surroundings.

The Committee is comprised of the following:—

Memorial House—Broome, Burns.

Flavelle House—Goulding, Richardson I.

Third House—James.



THE RUGBY SEASON

The rugby season this year has been a very satisfactory one. Although we failed to annex another Little Big Four Championship, our team played a hard season, under the handicap of having for the most part inexperienced players.

We wish to congratulate our Ridley rivals for their fine showing in carrying off the championship undefeated.

Rolph, the captain, deserves a great deal of praise for the way in which he handled his team, and also Mr. Cowan who gave up a great deal of his time to turn out and coach the first squad. Mr. Church and Pep Paisley came up from Toronto several times to give us the benefit of their football knowledge, for which we would like to thank them.

G.E.E.

PRELIMINARY GAMES

The first game of the season was with North Toronto at Aurora and we took our visitors into camp 18-8. The game showed our lack of experience, but that we had the makings of a good team.

On October 8 we met defeat at the hands of Varsity Juniors by a 13-1 score. The team played well against heavier opponents and showed to best advantage in the second half, holding them to an even score. Slater and Adams starred for our opponents, and Rolph and Carson for St. Andrew's.

We next journeyed to Barrie to play Barrie High School, and returned that night with a real good meal and a 13- to-zero win under our belts.

The score about indicates the play, although Barrie staged a strong offensive at the beginning of the third quarter and bucked the ball over half the length of the field. Carson and Ness shone for Barrie, and Rolph, Lough and Smith showed up well for the School.



THE BARRIE GAME

THE TRINITY GAME

On Saturday, October 22, we played our first Little Big Four game against Trinity College in Port Hope, in an attempt to retain the title which we have held for the last two years. Both teams showed a lack of experience, but the game was closely contested throughout. A slight north-west wind was blowing as the teams took the field but the day was ideal for football.

FIRST QUARTER

T.C.S. winning the toss, chose to defend the north end and St. Andrew's kicked off against a slight wind. We lost ground on an exchange of kicks, but Follet regained it on a nice 35 yard run through the centre. When St. Andrew's failed to make yards on bucks, T.S.C. started a kicking offensive and ran up a four-point lead on a rouge and a fine 35-yard field-goal by Thompson. T.S.C. made the most of their temporary advantage and soon added another point after a long run by Johnston. St. Andrew's had bucked the ball twenty yards from their own twenty-five yard line when the quarter ended. Quarter time score T.S.C.-4, S.A.C.-0.

SECOND QUARTER

St. Andrew's forcing the play, made yards on successive downs, but lost possession on Trinity's five-yard line on interference. On the next down, however, Broome broke through and smothered the T.C.S. kick which bounded for a safety-touch. Play was open until half-time. Both teams resorted to a kicking game, the outside nailing their man continually, but T.C.S. forced a rouge before half-time blew. Half-time score, T.C.S.-5, S.A.C.-2.

THIRD QUARTER

S.A.C. came to life at the beginning of this quarter and from the kick-off bucked and ran the play into Trinity territory. Carson started things with a nice run and the line had soon carried the ball to T.C.S.' twenty-yard line, only to be penalized for interference. Thompson for T.C.S. made some nice gains through the centre, but on their first kick Smith went through and the blocked ball jumped into Lough's hands, the latter carrying it the remaining twenty yards for a touch, which was in turn converted by Carson. This set-back seemed to put renewed vigor into our rivals, for Cassells ran a punt back fifty yards, thus enabling Thompson to boot for another point. S.A.C. came back strongly with a heavy line-plunging game and forced the play to T.C.S. on successive bucks by Detweiler and Murphy and a run by Lough. Three-quarter time score, S.A.C.-8, T.C.S.-6.

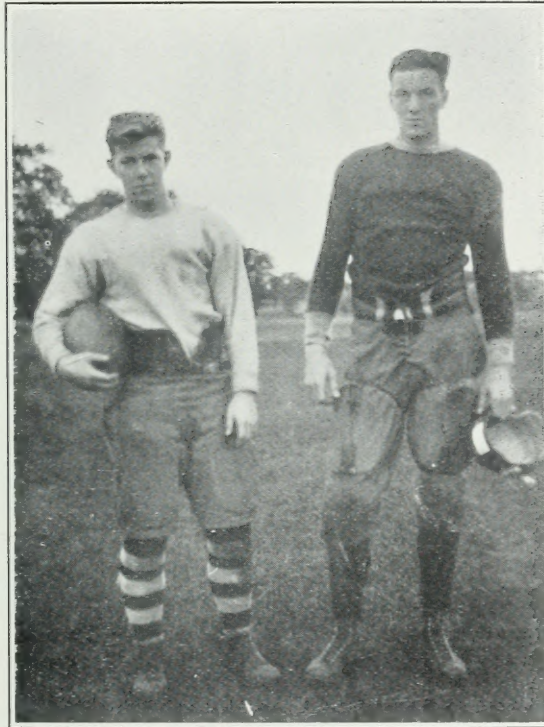
FOURTH QUARTER

This quarter in play was but a repetition of the last one, and although T.C.S. rallied strongly in an attempt to pull the game out, St. Andrew's broke up any threats that appeared. Before T.C.S. got going, Smith and Lough had gained yards for S.A.C. and the on-side kick which followed went for a deadline. Immediately after, some loose play resulted in another safety-touch for us. T.C.S. rallied and Mudge, by some clever running, advanced the ball fifty-five yards on three downs. Here, only fifteen yards out, our opponents lost everything they had just gained on numerous offsides and interferences. S.A.C. next forced the play to T.C.S.' five-yard line on an onside kick, from where Rolph went over for a well-earned try. With only three minutes to go, T.C.S. fought like men possessed and made some short gains through the line, but the final whistle blew with the ball on S.A.C.' forty-yard line. Final score, S.A.C.-16, T.C.S.-6.

The line-up: (T.C.S.) Halves,—McPherson, Davy, Johnston; Quarter,—Thompson; Flying wing,—Mudge; Insides,—Russell, Southam; Middles,—Cummings, Syer; Outsides,—Castles, Sommers;

Scrim,—Gardiner, Elliot, Martin; Spares,—McLaren, Russel, Roper, Price, and Brewin.

Line-up: (S.A.C.) Halves,—Follett I, Carson, Broome; Quarter,—Lough; Flying wing,—Smith; Insides,—Detweiler, Craig; Middles,—Rolph, Murphy; Outsides,—Crocker, Dunkleman; Scrim,—Browne I, Bowman I, Grant I; Subs,—Crombie, Gordon II, Gordon III, Bowman I, and Cox I.



TWO OF A KIND

THE RIDLEY GAME

What seemed to both teams to be the deciding game for the Little Big Four Championship was our game with Ridley College, played on Saturday, October 29th, in St. Catharines. Ridley were favourites, with their heavier and more experienced line and fleet-footed halves. It was a threatening day but cleared up just as the third quarter got under way. A large number of supporters of both teams had motored down to see the game.

FIRST QUARTER

Ridley's kick-off was returned by Carson to centre field, from where our opponents dazzled us with their lightning-fast plays, Bell going over for an unconverted touch after two minutes of play. A minute later Slanker galloped 35 yards through a broken field for another touchdown. Our line tightened up and momentarily held the enemy at bay. Detweiler and Broome made yards on successive downs but we lost the ball on an offside. Hardy then distinguished himself with long runs, finally crossing our line for Ridley's third touchdown, which was converted. S.A.C. forced the ball into Ridley territory just after the kick-off and Carson's attempt at a field goal went wide of the mark, Croker nailing Hardy for our orphan point.

Quarter Time, Ridley-16, S.A.C.-1.

SECOND QUARTER

The Ridley team continued to fool our line with their clever plays, and after a few minutes of play had the ball on our five-yard line, from where they tried an onside kick which went to the deadline for one point. Ridley lost the ball on interference but seemed equal to the task of stopping the St. Andrew's plays, and our efforts were in vain. On the next B.R.C. down Slanker found a hole and went 55 yards to add another six points to their score. Soon after the kick-off Ridley worked the ball into a scoring position and Hardy kicked a field goal from 25 yards out. By half-time Ridley had increased their score to 26.

Half-time score, B.R.C.-26, S.A.C.-1.

THIRD QUARTER

After the rest period our line showed a much stronger offensive, Broome and Murphy carrying the ball for nice gains. Play inclined to much booting and counter-kicking on the part of both teams, but the halves were constantly nailed in their tracks by the opposing outsides. The fourth Ridley touch came after a series of plunges and end runs, when Thompson went around the short end on a fake play. Play was even and the quarter ended with St. Andrew's on Ridley's 50 yard line.

Three-quarter time, Ridley-31, S.A.C.-1.

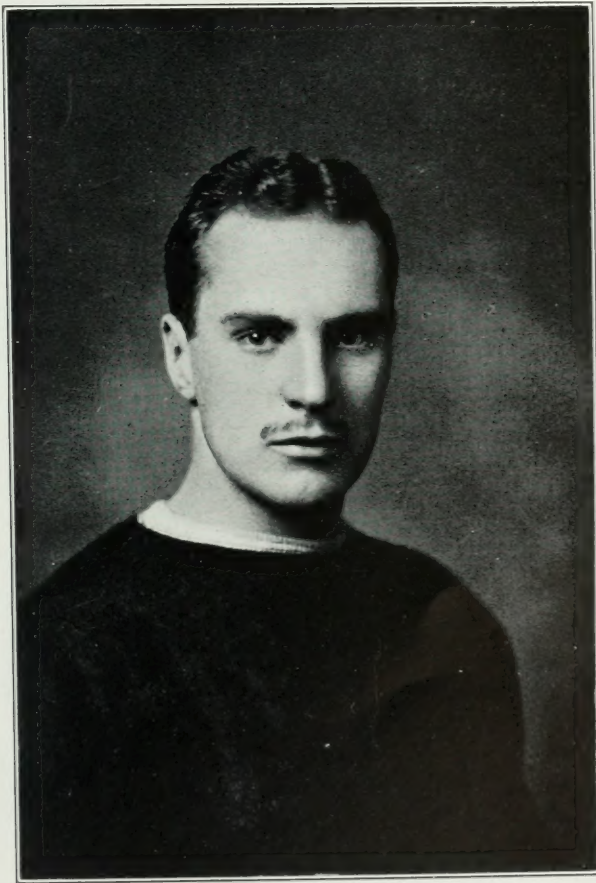
FOURTH QUARTER

Ridley not seeming content with their 30 point advantage tore holes in our line for huge gains and crossed our line for yet another touchdown, which was carried over, and converted by Thompson. Hardy and Bell made some splendid gains on end-runs and advanced the ball to S.A.C.'s

30 yard line. On the next down Hardy was unfortunately injured and had to be replaced. Hayes took up the booting for B.R.C. and scored another three points when St. Andrew's lost the ball on interference. Never giving up the fight the team battled in the dying moments with all it had, forcing Ridley onto the defensive, but failed to score any additional points. The game ended with B.R.C. victors by the score of 40 to 1.

The Ridley line-up:—flying wing, Thompson; halves, Slanker, Hardy, and Hayes; quarter, Bell; snap, Fischer; supports, Stringer and Carnahan; insides, Mercer, Smith; middles, Robinson, Fisher; outsides, Subosits, Millcihamp; subs. Steele, Haney, Clark, McQuarrie and Brockbank.

S.A.C. line-up same as T.C.S. game.



"GORDIE" ROLPH—CAPTAIN, 1927

THE UPPER CANADA GAME

On Friday, November 4, we were the hosts of Upper Canada College. It was the first visit of our rivals to our new Aurora home and the victory that they snatched from us their first on St. Andrew's soil. The game was played on a muddy field and the weather man was present in every variable form. It rained or hailed almost continually during the game, making the ball difficult to handle. It failed, however, to dampen the spirits of either team's supporters.

FIRST QUARTER

Upper Canada won the toss and St. Andrew's kicked off against a slight cross-field wind to Soper, who was nailed on his 35 yard line. Failing at yards U.C.C. kicked on the third down to Carson, who ran the ball to centre field. After an exchange of kicks Smith gathered in a U.C.C. muff and ran ten yards before being brought down by McQuig. Our line made perfect holes in the Upper Canada flank and soon bucks by Smith, Rolph and Detweiler placed us in a position to kick behind our op-



AT THIS POINT THE DREAMER WOKE UP

ponents' line, where Crocker forced Davis to rouge. U.C.C. forced the play into St. Andrew's territory when Davis kicked past Carson and downed Carson behind our line, just before quarter time. Score: One all.

SECOND QUARTER

In possession at their 25 yard mark, S.A.C. advanced the ball, on plunges and end-runs, to the U.C.C. 5 yard line before losing it on off-side. It was a bad break for us, and Taylor's twenty-yard run which followed brought Upper Canada out of a bad position. There was an exchange of kicks, and two S.A.C. end-runs immediately after were smothered by the U.C.C. ends. Davies fumbled the next St. Andrew's kick, however, which went into touch, S.A.C. securing 15 yards out. After two unsuccessful plays Carson kicked to the deadline for our second point and again for a rouge before the intermission. Half time score, S.A.C.-3, U.C.C.-1.

THIRD QUARTER

Carson and Lough combined nicely to run U.C.C.'s kick-off back twenty yards and S.A.C. hemmed the blue and white into their end of the field with short gains through the line. Davies brought the ball out of danger with a sensational 40 yard run on a fake kick. When S.A.C. were penalized twenty additional yards for offsides, U.C.C. scored their second point on Davies' attempted field-goal. St. Andrew's again lost the ball and our rivals tied the score on a kick from the thirty-yard line. Our men began to force the play, but fumbled on a line plunge and U.C.C. dribbled the ball over our line for the point which was to decide the game. Score U.C.C. 4, S.A.C.-3.

FOURTH QUARTER

This quarter was featured by the fine defensive play of Upper Canada and the way in which S.A.C., though given many opportunities to score, were never able to secure the tying count. Realizing we could use the wind to advantage to put the team in scoring position, Carson and Rolph were called upon to kick time after time, and finally Soper fumbled one of Carson's hoists on his one yard line, which Bowman covered. For three downs we tried to put the major count across and on the third Murphy was well over, only to have the play called back and the ball given to U.C.C. Davies then kicked out of danger, and a wonderful chance was lost. Crombie injured his shoulder on the next buck, and McCallum replaced him on the line. With less than five minutes to go, St. Andrew's kicked at every opportunity but the U.C.C. halves prevented us from scoring the much-needed point by their clever running. When U.C.C. expected a kick, Smith found a hole through the centre for ten

yards and Carson's kick on the next down on his four-yard line, where Crocker recovered. Time was called before S.A.C. could line up for the kick which would have tied the score and U.C.C. had won an uphill game 4-3.

The U.C.C. lineup:—flying wing, Blair; halves, Taylor, Davies, Soper; quarter, Heintzman; snap, Henderson; supports, Kennedy, Carr; insides, Dewar, Farwell; middles, McQuig, McLeod; outsides, Walkem, Wilton; subs, Swan, Edwards, Clark, Musgrave.

The S.A.C. lineup:—flying wing, Smith; halves, Follet I, Carson, Broome; quarter, Lough; snap, Bowman I; supports, Crombie, Browne I; insides, Dunkleman, Detweiler; middles, Murphy, Rolph; outsides, Crocker, Gordon III; subs, Bowman II, Gordon II, McCallum, Shortly, Acres.

FIRST TEAM PERSONNEL

Rolph ("Gordie") our lone old colour. A very energetic captain, who played a strong, steady game throughout the season.

Carson ("Tom"). Our kicking half. Played well in all the games, his running and catching featuring in the U.C.C. game.

Broome ("Ted"). A halfback whose tackling stood out on the second line defence.

Follet ("Jack"). A graduate of last year's Fifths. Played a steady game, working well with Carson on the backfield.

Smith ("Cog"). Flying wing. One of last year's Seconds. Could always be depended upon to stop his man.

Murphy ("Spud"). Also of last year's Seconds. Must be congratulated on his performance in the U.C.C. game.

Detweiler ("Det."). A graduate of last year's Thirds. Hits the line hard and tackles well.

Craig ("Gib."). Comes up from the Seconds. Gave all he had in every game.

Dunkleman ("Joe"). Another of last year's Thirds. Plunged and tackled well.

Lough ("Doug."). Came up from last year's Seconds. Played at quarter again and handled his team well.

Bowman ("Bill"). A newcomer who played snap and tackled well.

Brown ("Ken"). Another of last year's Thirds. Tackled well in his position at scrim support.

Crombie ("Dave"). Another newcomer. He filled the position of scrim support very nicely.

Gordon ("Tommy"). Played outside wing. Showed up very well in the Ridley game.

Crocker ("Bung"). Another new boy. Filled his position well at outside wing.

THE SECOND TEAM

Much is said of the First team and of the great honour which they bring to the college, but seldom does one hear anything said of the Seconds. The main reason for this is that they are never in the public



SECOND RUGBY TEAM

eye, but in the background it is this team that works the hardest against overwhelming odds. It takes more than a little pluck to keep going out day after day to play on a team which is continually being disorganized and broken up and then after a month of this, to see the first team run away to a lovely game which means a couple of days' holidays. Such, however, is their lot, and this year's team lived up to it exceptionally well.

PICKERING COLLEGE VS. SECONDS

This, the Seconds' only game, was with our new neighbours at Pickering, and proved that they had quite a fine team. The first quarter began with the play much in Pickering's favour, and it was in this stanza that they got the only score of the day, which was caused by a fumbled kick behind our dead line.

Everyone played exceptionally well, but as the team had never played together before, they lacked team-play and experience.

The following were awarded Second Team colours: Ellsworth (Captain), Marsh, Wilson, Knap, McCallum, Gordon II, Whytock, Bowman II, Cox I, Loblaw, Shortly, Cutting, Smith II, Smith III, Acres, Slemm, Grant I, Rhynas.

G.E.C.

THE THIRD AND FOURTH TEAMS

The second rugby squad, from which the third and fourth teams are picked, had a successful season this year. Games were arranged with Trinity College School and Bishop Ridley College but unfortunately had



THIRD RUGBY TEAM

to be cancelled owing to some minor sickness in either school. However, we played University of Toronto Schools and Upper Canada College. These were "hundred-and-twenty-pound" games which meant a mixture of both third and fourth teams. We lost our first game to U.T.S. on the home field, 8-15; but in the return game the Crimson and White, staging a brilliant comeback, emerged victorious with a score of 9-2. In both these games Case, Kennedy and Hume were stars.

The last day of the season we played Upper Canada College on a muddy field. Both teams played good rugby, and when the final whistle blew, St. Andrew's were leading 7-2. In this game Burns' kicking was invaluable; Sprott and Robertson were also outstanding players. These two, although the smallest players on the field, were undoubtedly the best tacklers.

Hume and White were elected captains of the third and fourth teams respectively, and piloted their teams successfully throughout the season. The second squad was managed and coached by Crusan.

Third team colours were granted to the following:

Hume (Captain), Kennedy, Case, Burns, Paget, Williams, Rea I, Sprott, Robertson, May, Turnbull II, Thompson, Lorway, Cosgrave, Jorgensen.



FOURTH RUGBY TEAM

Fourth team colours were granted to White (Captain), Follett II, Grant II, Edwards, Bascom, Cummings, Cottrell, Thompson II, Scythes, Smith IV, Parker, MacDonald I, MacDonald II, Corbett, Acheson, Clemes, Burson.

F.C.

LOWER SCHOOL FOOTBALL

Owing to an untimely outbreak of mumps, all the Lower School matches had to be postponed until too late in the season, and it was only found possible to play one game. This was the greater pity, because the team showed great keenness in practice, and considerable promise in the



LOWER SCHOOL RUGBY TEAM

one match which they played. Barclay is especially to be congratulated on his able captaincy and the effectiveness of his signals, though he is a little too apt to monopolize the play.

The only game was played against Pickering College at Aurora on a dry windy day.

FIRST QUARTER

In the first few minutes Sinclair II blocked a kick. Then, after a fake kick, Barclay ran the ball to Pickering's ten-yard line and, just before quarter time, went over for a try which was not converted.



SECOND QUARTER

After a few minutes of clever passing, S.A.C. had the ball again in Pickering's half, and soon after Gould made a second touch. A tackle behind the Pickering line added a further point.

THIRD QUARTER

This period was one of good play by both teams. Annand's tackling and Hill's line plunging were outstanding: Chubb was always steady at



full-back: and Waller ran well and pluckily whenever he got the ball. Towards the end of the period S.A.C. scored their final point with a tackle behind the line.

FOURTH QUARTER

S.A.C. slackened off in this period, and Pickering were able to hold them without much difficulty. Nothing further was added to the score. Final score: St. Andrew's, 11; Pickering, 0.

Line-up: Sinclair II; Annand, Waller, Chubb, Hill, Barclay (Capt.), Gould, Graham I, Armstrong, Graham II, Burson II, Thompson III, Gordon IV, Forbes, Preston, Flemming, Ellis, Hilary.



THE TEAM CAPTAINS

HOCKEY PROSPECTS

The hockey season got off to an early start this year, with the first practice just after Thanksgiving. Of course everyone went down to the first two practices just for a skate. However, Harry Watson soon had the squad thinned out, and among those now remaining there seems to be a lot of good hockey material.

It is unfortunate that we have only one old colour, Doug. Lough, back this year. But in spite of this, with more practice under Harry's tutelage and with Doug as skipper, the present candidates should become a real team. We hope their future accomplishments will prove them worthy to take the place of those great teams of the past which they succeed.

S.P.A. SERIES

St. Andrew's was entered in the Junior S.P.A. series and played their first game Monday evening, the twenty-first of November.

Our opponents were the all-star Marlboro aggregation who list two of our last years players on their roll, as well as several of the best juniors from other teams of last season.

With such adversaries, not much was expected of the Andreans. The score of thirteen to five, would seem to support this belief, but the outlook was really much brighter than the score indicated. Lough, playing with a badly injured hand, rang up three of our counters, one in each period and was one of the best men on the ice at all times. He suffered from lack of co-operation at times, but this fault should be corrected with more practice.

Bill Ball, who found the net for our two other scores, is new to Junior Hockey, but gives promise of going far.

The Smith Brothers, "The Cough-Drop twins," though not seen before in the Crimson and White, have had previous experience in Cornwall and elsewhere and appear to be good prospects. "Teddy" Broome, who played for our Midgets two years ago, is back, after playing last year for the Canadians of Calgary, and played defense. Bob Hannam, last year's sub-goalie, turned in a good game in the nets and turned away many hard shots.

The other candidates who displayed their worth were Jack Shortly, "Eric" Ellsworth, "Spud" Murphy, Dave Crombie, Z. Barnes and Jack Follett.

Individually the players were good and require only a little more time together to make a good combination. H.B.K.



OLD BOYS' NEWS

We are very glad to have contributions in this number, by two of our Old Boys—Guy Rutter and K. B. Carson. It might perhaps have been more appropriate had Carson appeared in conjunction with his old friend and lampooner, Anderson. Contemporaries of these two will remember when you could not enter Anderson's Form without seeing a caricature by him of Carson on the board—the latter obtaining his revenge in the Skit Columns of the REVIEW. Between them they contrived to brighten up the pages of this magazine while they were with us. Carson kindly complied with the Editor's suggestion to send us an article for this issue, and "College Drag" is the result.

Guy Rutter's first published drawings (if we are not mistaken) appeared in the REVIEW of Christmas, 1916. They were done while he was serving as Lieutenant in the War. Since then, as everybody knows, he has made a name for himself in the pages of the *Goblin*, and we much appreciate his goodness in sending us, at our suggestion, the page of drawings, "Do you Remember?" and the heading for "Skits."

Gilbert Robinson, who, as we announced in the Mid-Summer number, was awarded one of the coveted Moss Scholarships for proficiency in Mathematics, is now studying for his Ph.D., at St. John's College, Cambridge. He writes that between rowing in one of the eights, lectures and where he headed his class each year, he was accorded the unusual honour of being allowed to forego the usual Tripos examination at Cambridge. He writes that between rowing in one of the lights, lectures and study, his time is fully occupied.

Jack Dymont was awarded the Sword of Honour at Camp Borden, given for the highest standing and general proficiency in the School of Aeronautics for the three-year course.

(Dr) L. C. Montgomery ("Monty") was elected Hon. President of the McGill Hockey Club.

(Dr.) Doug. E. Ross, is on the Athletic Board of McGill.

Cadet John Thrasher has been promoted to Quarter-Master Sergeant at R.M.C.

S. B. ("Gen.") Wood is manager of the Boxing, Wrestling and Fencing team, and vice-president of "Commerce '29," at McGill.

Jack Brown and Bill Lovering, besides being in the Senior Football team, are members of their Class Executive (Commerce '31).

J. C. Darrock, in his sail-boat *Brenda*, won his class in the Freeman Cup races, his own class championship, and was also Club Champion in the Queen City Yacht Club.

Grant Gordon has been elected President of the re-organized Young Men's Conservative Association of Toronto.

Don Carrick's achievement in winning the Dominion Amateur Golf Championship is, of course, known to all, but no issue of the REVIEW would be complete without some reference to his latest exploit in one or another of his numerous accomplishments.

In his address on Prize Day, the Headmaster referred to the distinction recently won by two of our Old Boys in the field of literature—J. W. Pedley and Murray Wrong. In a recent number of the REVIEW we spoke of Fred B. Housser's book on "The Group of Seven." Some day we hope to publish an article on "St. Andrew's boys in Literature." Murray Wrong's book (he is now Vice-Provost, Magdalen) is a History of England in the 18th Century. We have not seen a copy, but the book is highly spoken of by the *Times* reviewer.

J. W. Pedley who attended St. Andrew's from 1904 to 1909, was one of those whom success in study did *not* debar from success in later life. He was a good classic scholar at school, and was awarded the Governors' Medal on leaving. At the University he headed his class and obtained the Gold Medal for classics. He has written a book with the odd title "Only This," which is certainly one of the most remarkable records of the War, seen from a subaltern's point of view, that have appeared anywhere. From the opening pages, which give a vivid picture of the departure from the training camps, to the final account of the journey back to hospital in 1918, there is not a dull passage in the book. Not that it is written to be "entertaining" in the usual sense. Without anything being overdone, Pedley gives us an obviously true picture of what the War felt like, to a lieutenant of infantry who was in the thick of it. The drudgery, the sordid misery, the sense of futility, the horror of the experience are all reflected here, but also the humour and gaiety, the joy of companionship, and (never spoken of but felt) the gallantry and grit. Boys should read the book to realize what their older brothers or their fathers went through

in those terrible years which are fast becoming a legend to the rising generation. Old Boys who have been through it all will have half-forgotten incidents and scenes recalled to them—*forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit!*

Appended are a few passages which will show the quality of the writing. Here is no sign of a prentice-hand, but the sure, dexterous touch of an artist in words. Take this Interior that has the effect of a fine etching:—

BILLETS

To inspect the battalion billets meant a couple of miles of trudging into all the by-ways of the village, and left your knees stiff with climbing stairs and ladders, for most of the troops were lodged under the roof in barns and houses. Some of the houses were of three storeys. The appearance of the bulk of these billets was depressing. If you visited them during parade hours you found an empty, resonant attic under the tile roof that leaked—dusty boards forming the floors and the cold winter light filtering in through chinks to reveal a picture of unkemptness. Where each man had slept his blanket lay crumpled and frowsy, while at the head of his sleeping-place were scattered his few possessions—dirty towel and unsavory pair of socks, mess-tin containing bits of food saved from the morning meal, pad of paper with scrawl half-written, and (hurriedly thrust into his bulgy pack at the sound of the bugle) the latest letter from home. A few magazines, torn and worn by many hands, and here and there a book. Shaving kit and eating utensils thrown carelessly about. Candle grease on the blankets and clothing, on the knives and forks as well. And over this dim-lit shambles presides an uncouth figure in a stocking-hat feebly plying a broom he has borrowed from the Frenchwoman. He is a light-duty man, to-day's victim of diarrhoea or boils or sprained ankle, or perhaps just swinging the lead, if the doctor only knew. You suspect that perhaps he only began sweeping when he heard your footstep on the stairs, and that he will leave off when you depart. But it is tiresome to be always checking up so you make it your business not to notice a great deal.

The following passage gives the gist of the book:—

LOOS

And so we came to Loos; and as I look back it seems to me that war began for me then. What went before was prologue. I had not seen death. I had not known fear. With Loos the real play begins. I have set out to express without exaggeration and yet with all the colour that the picture holds, the life and viewpoint of one infantry officer for a short space of time on a little corner of the front. I shall not succeed utterly. To those who were not there my failure may seem entire. To those who lived as I did I shall seem to make mountains out of mole-hills, so eager we were all in those days to cry: "There are no mountains, no mountains at all—nothing but bloody mole-hills." Yet the sum of these so trivial incidents was life, warm, vivid and manly, in which a man could learn to love and hate.

Oh, the problem of it all, to see colour in anything now that the lurid light of war has paled! To make friends, now that one's friends are gone! Even to keep the friends once made now that peace has thrown its complexities between us. I

meet them on the street, or in the office—Jolliffe, Toc Ak Morrow, Linny Amsden—a veil is between us. We are no longer face to face across the dugout candle, or feeling for one another in the darkness and the tangle of the wire. Peace has taken these away that war gave. But nothing can take away the thing that war builds inside a man, the having loved men and the knowledge that true comradeship can be upon this earth.

A TRAGI-COMIC EPISODE

(Pedley and a fellow-officer are doing inspection-duty on a miserable night):

At the back of the pit were some little shelters in the earth, burrows where a couple of men could lie protected from the wind. Blankets hung at the entrances to these and we knew that in the shelter of one of them we would get comparative relief from the bitter wind and rain. Down the soggy sleet-soaked path we slithered and across the debris of the pit till I felt before me the blanketed portal of one of these kennels. Quickly I snatched the soppy rag aside, and whispering to Amsden to follow, I dropped to my knees and felt with outstretched hands the floor of the little niche. With what horror I recoiled when my exploring hand touched a man's boot!

At the moment I took it for a corpse, but it was a lively corpse that swore. And Bill and I, with faces turned beet-colour, realized that we had been forestalled, and that our unpleasant task must now be to rout out these unfortunate soldiers (there were two of them) with bitter words, whose only fault was that their bodies, like ours, could be cold. We did it, threatening them with dire vengeance if they ever repeated such a breach of discipline, and as the two of them slunk off again to the post up forward from which they had illegally absented themselves, we crawled into the place they left and drew the blanket snug over the opening and found the damp earth warmer for the contact of their bodies. It smacked of tragedy, and of farce, but we were too miserable to appreciate either properly, and in a moment we were dozing. Yet we aroused ourselves before the first grey streaks of dawn brought a threat of detection. If either of the men whom we ejected should ever read this, let him not curse me too deeply. After all said and done, I did not report them.

AN OLD-TIME BATTLE-PICTURE

Emerging after many detours and delays from a considerable bit of bush in which we had hidden, we came in view of Le Quesnel about noon. Fritz had by this time been driven out, and there were frequent bands of prisoners returning. Away beyond the town we could see specks in khaki bobbing up and down, the infantry of the Fourth Division advancing. But closer to us were to be seen aspects of battle that none of us, even after months of war service, would have believed possible the day before. The old pageantry of battle, the flash of sabres and the foam-flecked withers of galloping artillery horses—these, we would have said, belonged in picture books and not in modern war. Byng, indeed, had tried it at Cambrai, and it had failed. Yesterday, on the distant hills, some of us had seen the cavalry in action. But it was not so vivid as now, when we found ourselves in the very centre of mounted action. Cavalry troops led by officers with upraised swords swept forward here, there, and everywhere. The pounding of the horses' hoofs was like a low-pitched harmonious thunder. The troopers rode in great clouds of dust, rode

hell-for-leather, rode forward; saddles emptied, and the unguided horses plunged blindly on with the rest. You saw, too, the eighteen-pounders rushing on from position to position, drivers leaning low above the galloping horses, six to a team; guns jolting madly over uneven ground while the gunners held on as best they could. . . .

To our mind, the finest chapter in the book—one that condenses all the horror of war into one episode—is the one entitled "Wolfensteiner." But the whole narrative is absorbing, convincing, graphic, crackling with life. The writer must confess to sitting up so late one night reading it that he was late for school next day!

BIRTHS

BEDLINGTON—To Mr. and Mrs. Ashley Bedlington, of 227 Evelyn avenue, on June 10, twin girls.

CLARKE—On June the 13th, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. Norman D. Clarke, a daughter.

OWENS—Sept. 18th, to Mr. and Mrs. J. Kenneth Owens, 75 Harper avenue, a daughter.

MACKENZIE—Oct. 7th, to the wife of William K. Mackenzie, (nee Marjory Northey), a son.

McDOUGALL—Oct. 8th, to the wife of Joseph E. McDougall, a son.

MACKINNON—To Mr. and Mrs. Kenneth S. MacKinnon, Toronto, a son (Kenneth).

PROWSE—On Monday, October 31st, to Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Prowse, Beaumaris, a daughter.

BOLE—On Sunday, Nov. 13th, to Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred Bole, a daughter.

LORIMER—On Nov. 12th, to Mr. and Mrs. Norman H. Lorimer, a son.

FINDLAY—On Sunday, Nov. 13th, to Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Hamilton Findlay of Carleton Place, Ontario, a son.

McKENZIE—On Nov. 14th, 1927, to Dr. and Mrs. Kenneth G. McKenzie, a son.

BOWDEN—On Friday, Nov. 18th, 1927, to Mr. and Mrs. Frank G. Bowden of 258 Gainsborough Road, a daughter (Venetta Pearl).

MARRIAGES

LARKIN—SCHOTT—On May 30th, 1927, Schuyler Can Cleef Larkin married to Miss Jeanette Elizabeth Schott of Scranton, Pennsylvania.

FALCONER—PILKEY—On June 18th, 1927, J. C. Dunbar Falconer, to Miss Leila Victoria Pilkey, of Toronto.

LECKIE—BROOKS—On June 29th, 1927, George Duncan Leckie married to Miss Margaret Scott Brooks of Westmount, Que.

LECKIE—MCGUIRE—On June 29th, 1927, William Keith Leckie married to Miss Jean Bernice McGuire of Vancouver.

SNYDER—DOAN—On June 29th, George Alexander Snyder, to Miss Helen Armeta Doan, of Niagara Falls, Ont.

EVANS—FAYRE—In July, 1927, Capt. J. P. Evans, married to Miss Jocelyn Fayre.

WIDDRINGTON—MACDONALD—On August 24th, 1927, Mr. G. N. T. Widdrington, married to Miss Margery Lince Macdonald.

EMMERSON—LEITCH—On August 15th, 1927, Burton W. Emmerson, married to Miss Mabel Leitch, of Port Arthur.

PHIN—WHITE—On August 31st, 1927, Sydney R. Phin, married to Miss Audrey Isobel White, of Toronto.

ANDERSON—CRAIK—On September 17th, 1927, Robert H. Anderson, married to Miss Marjorie Craik.

FIRSTBROOK—WATSON—On Sept. 14th, Hugh McBain Firstbrook to Amy Gertrude Watson, of Toronto.

LEISHMAN—CLEMES—On Sept. 14th, Norman Graham Leishman, to Miss Isobel L. Clemes, of Toronto.

WESTON—SKIDMORE—On Sept. 7th, Gordon Weston, to Miss Muriel Skidmore, of Toronto.

MALCOLM—DEPENCIER—On October 1st, 1927, Thos. Ross Malcolm married to Miss Bernice Gertrude dePencier, of Toronto.

BURRY—FOX—On Sept. 20th, 1927, James A. Burry married to Miss Dorothy Fox, of Toronto.

FIRSTBROOK—SPROTT—On Sept. 24th, Norman Roy Firstbrook, to Miss Winnifred Ruth Sprott, of Toronto.

OBITUARY

WILLIAM ORVILLE KENNEY MCGILLIVRAY was born in Winnipeg on January 29th, 1907. He received a large part of his education in England and came to St. Andrew's College in January 1924, from Cheltenham College, entering Form Lower VI. In June of that year he matriculated into the University of Toronto. He passed his Senior Matriculation in 1927 and had intended to enter the Faculty of Applied Science at the University of Toronto this autumn. During the summer he obtained an appointment as a highway traffic officer and was stationed with the Hamilton Highway division. On September 30th, while off duty, he was hurrying along the highway near Mimico to obtain assistance for a stranded car when he himself became involved in a collision and was killed instantly.

Although his stay at St. Andrew's College was only brief, Kenney McGillivray was very popular and all the boys of his year will learn with regret of his untimely death. The REVIEW joins with his old schoolmates in tendering sincere sympathy to the parents who mourn his loss.



HEADMASTER'S RESIDENCE AND MEMORIAL HOUSE FROM FIELDS

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EXCHANGES

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We are glad to receive so many interesting exchanges and it is with real pleasure that we review the following.

Acta Studientium

Vaughan Road High School,
Toronto, Ont.

Your magazine is interesting and the drawings good, but it could be improved by the addition of a few photos and by confining the advertisements to the advertising section.

The Bennett Beacon

Bennett High School,
Buffalo, N.Y.

A very well edited, well balanced magazine. A real pleasure to read.

The Eagle

Bedford Modern School,
Bedford, England.

You seem to accentuate sports and school events to the detriment of light literature. A few more photos would also brighten up your pages.

The Hermes

Nutana Collegiate Institute,
Saskatoon, Sask.

A very fine magazine of real literary merit. We enjoyed it very much and wish you every success.

Horae Scholasticae

St. Paul's School,
Concord, N.H.

Your very interesting paper reflects the spirit of your school and the issues appear with commendable frequency.

High School of Quebec Annual

High School of Quebec,
Quebec, Que.

A fine all round magazine with good cartoons. Your advertisements would be better if kept together. We hope to see your publication again and perhaps more frequently.

The Limit

Loughborough College,
Loughborough, Eng.

We enjoyed your magazine very much. Some of your humorous advertisements were really good.

Lux Glebana

Glebe College Institute,
Ottawa, Ont.

A very complete publication.

The Red and Gray Canadian Academy,
Kobe, Japan.

Very well illustrated and edited, altogether the best overseas exchange we have yet received.

That should be a challenge to some of the others.

The Slogan Branksome Hall School,
Toronto, Ont.

Altogether a very fine magazine. Your pictures are especially commendable.

St. Peter's College Magazine St. Peter's College,
Adelaide, Australia.

Keep up the good work.

Tech Flash Nova Scotia Technical College,
Halifax, N.S.

Good, and How! (see "Co-Dals")

We regret that we were unable to comment upon the following magazines, due to lack of time. We acknowledge them with thanks.

H.B.K.

Acta Nostra.....Guelph Collegiate Vocational Institute, Guelph

Acta Ridleiana.....Bishop Ridley College, St. Catharines, Ont.

Acta VictorianaVictoria College, U. of T., Toronto

ArgosyMount Allison University, Sackville, N.B.

B.C.S......Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que.

Black and GoldSt. John's College, Winnipeg, Man.

Blue and White.....Rothsay Collegiate School, Rothsay, N.B.

Cherry Blow.....Cherry Creek High School, Cherry Creek

The College News.....Bankok Christian College, Bankok, Siam

The College Times.....Upper Canada College, Toronto, Ont.

The Dumbel.....Sherbrooke High School, Sherbrooke, Que.

The Grove Chronicle.....Lakefield Preparatory School, Lakefield, Ont.

The Langleyan.....Langley High School, Pittsburg, Pa.

The Lantern.....Bedford Road Collegiate Institute, Saskatoon

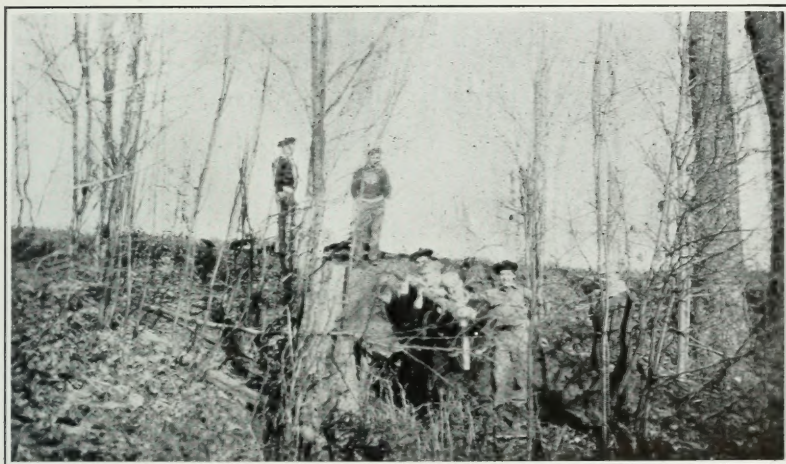
Lower Canada College

Magazine.....Lower Canada College, Montreal, Que.

Lux ColumbianaColumbian College, New Westminster, B.C.

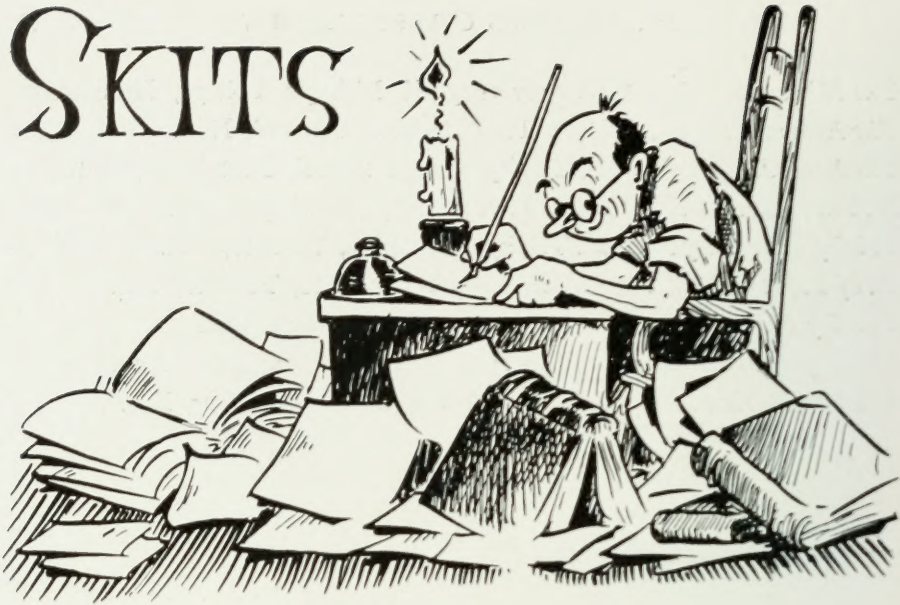
The Managra.....Manitoba Agricultural College, Winnipeg

<i>The Mitre</i>	University of Bishop's College, Lennoxville
<i>The Record</i>	St. Paul's School, Concord, N.H.
<i>The Record</i>	Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.
<i>St. Paul's Record</i>	St. Paul's College, Covington, La.
<i>Trinity University Review</i> ..	Trinity University, Toronto, Ont.
<i>U. of T. Monthly</i>	University of Toronto, Toronto, Ont.
<i>Vox Lycei</i>	Lisgar Collegiate, Ottawa, Ont.
<i>The Wykehamist</i>	Winchester College, Winchester, Eng.
<i>The Windsorian</i>	King's College School, Windsor, N.S.



THE LITTLE SCORPIONS' CLUB

SKITS



Mr. Laidlaw—"What led up to the era of good feeling?"
Small Voice—"Little Wonder liver pills."

Rolph—"I will show you the maths, I have it all here in a nut-shell."
Foster—"Memorized it eh?"

Det—"Lend me two dollars, will you?"
Eric—"I only have a dollar seventy-five."
Det—"O well! you can pay me the other quarter some other time."

(Special to Mr. Cowan)

A capital golfer was he,
Who drove from ready-made T.
And the words he let fall,
When the club missed the ball,
All began with a capital D.

Bowman II (to Mr. Laidlaw)—"Sir, is a Hamilcar as good as a Chrysler?"

Cogg—"Say, I'm glad that I wasn't born in Italy."
Spud—"Why?"
Cogg—"Because I can't speak their language."

Crombie—"Poor Bill couldn't graduate from Queen's."

Benny—"Why?"

Crombie—"He went to McGill."

Neverfull McCallum has issued a challenge to Alwayseat Don Carlos to meet him in a contest to see who can eat twenty plank steaks and onions the fastest.

Don Carlos the man from the north, where men are men, and calves are not in silk stockings, is a strong contender, but experts are apt to favor Red, the Pride of Windsor.



The closest thing to perpetual motion that has yet been found is Scythe's Tongue.

"Here the poet" (so spoke Mr. ———)

"Disguises his meaning but thinly;

It *may* sound insane

But the sense is quite plain"

—And the class said: "We understand dimly."

Crusan—"A bottle of pop, please."

Mrs. Millican—"Will you drink it here or take it with you?"

Crusan—"I hope to do both."

Brown I—"I see you are growing a moustache?"

Carson—"Who told you so?"



About to weigh in for the Ping-Pong Championship Contest

History Master—"Give me the most important date in history?"

Wilson—"1910, sir."

H. M.—"And why is that the most important date?"

Wilson—"That's when I was born, Sir."

Follett I—"What time is it?"

Follett II—"I forget."

Murphy—"Is this a first-class restaurant?"

Waiter—"Oh yes, but we will serve you."

Crocker—"How did Zealand get his name?"

Edwards—"Oh! It's Dutch—used to be Zeal-an-Pep, but he lost his pep."

Blow—"Say, Williams, does that nose of yours run in the family?"

Williams—"No, just in the winter."

A fine Latin master is —————

A day he never would miss.

From the noun to the verb.

He knows every word.

To him the old lingo is bliss.

Dunkelman—(to Mrs. Montgomery) "I really do not like to object, but do you think that the laundry could send back a little more shirt with my cuffs?"

Broome—"I wonder why all the sand is on this bread."

Whytock—"That's to keep the butter from slipping off."

ANY DAY IN THE FIRST TEAM TRAINING ROOM

Before practice—How about a little tape? Boy! I sure hope it is short to-day. What! no bandages and my ankles are bust. Where's Stinky? Tell this guy Murphy to take the lead out. Howbouts ball, Strathy? Come on Delap, you're always last. Anybody see my underwear? Snap out of it! Mac's waiting for the chalk-talk.

After—Jumpin- Jupiter! all he yells is up! down! up! down! until I almost passed out. Where's Stinky? Just the calves and go easy. Oh my kidneys! And he came through like a ton of bricks. Start from the top and work down. I feel like a walking hospital. And Joe wouldn't clear out. Watch where you put that absorbine. Come on, Weiner, or they will rub you away.

Ross I—(to Radial Conductor) "Can you run any faster than this?"

Conductor—"Yes, but I have to stay in the car."

It is said that McLandress was bred in his home town but he is only a crumb up here.

Strathy—"Do you do much riding?"

Rudy—"Oh, off and on."

1st. boy—(at Rugby game) "U.C.C. has kicked off."

2nd. boy—"Huh—they've been dead for years."

THE LATEST SONG HITS

Nesting time—Carson

Shuffling Along—Knap

Reo Rita—Foster

Side by Side—Lough and Murphy

Varsity Drag—Turnbull

You Don't Like it Not Much—Author of Latin Grammar

My Baby—Smith

Sing Me a Baby Song—Girvan

He's the last Word—Scythes



The "EDUCATION EXPRESS"

Gordon I (on cross-country)—"Hey Mister! Call your dog off!"

Farmer—"Nothing doing! I've called him Towser ever since he was a pup."

Tommy—"Do you really believe in luck?"

George—"Why yes, how else could I explain the Upper Canada game?"

There's a Lower School master called _____
 With the strap he's severe, though not bloody.
 And when he goes out
 The boys laugh and shout
 And hades is raised after study.

Mr. Findlay—"Smith, this composition on your dog is the same as your brother's."

Smith III—"Yes sir, it's the same dog."

Bascom—"Give me the life of Caesar."

Librarian—"Sorry, but Brutus beat you to it."

A SORROWFUL MOMENT

Those gentle hands outstretched and still
 Silent, and white, and cold!
 O friend! the agony I felt
 Can never half be told.
 We'd lived together but a year;
 Too soon it seemed, to see
 I woke to look upon a face
 That toiled so much for me.
 My wakening thoughts had been of one
 Who now to sleep had dropped—
 'twas hard to realize, O friends,
 My dollar watch had stopped.—(Ex.)

Chisolm—"I have just thought of a good joke."

Burns—"Aw, get your mind off yourself."

Knap—"I'm choking."

Kingston—"Can't I help you?"

Cosgrave says he likes to dance but he needs a concave partner.

Shortly—"That girl is grace personified."

Slemin—"What did you say her last name was?"

Some linguist is Mr. ———

Nicht wahr? Ya lo creo! Mais oui!

We all call him ———

But not from dislike

But because he is Irish, you see.

Marsh—"What is the second letter from the left in that equation?"

Mr. Fleming—"Y."

Marsh—"Because I want to know."

Mr. Findlay—"Don't you remember Galahad?"

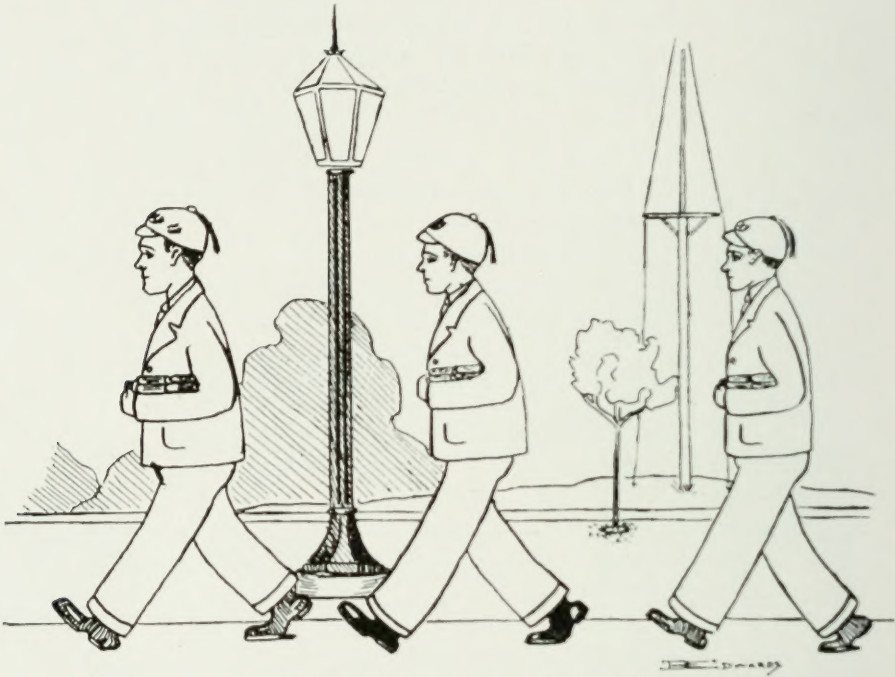
Burch—"Had what, Sir?"

Mr. Laidlaw—"What was William Pitt's greatest asset?"

Macdonald—"His memory."

Mr. L—"Why?"

Macdonald—"Because they erected a monument to it."



Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by.
AN IMPRESSION OF THE PREFECTS

We refuse to immortalize the bright light of IVB who translated "Yes, Miss" by *Oui manquer*; or the learned authority in Lower VI who informs us that the Olympic games derive from the days when boxing, wrestling and discus-throwing flourished on top of Mt. Olympus."

Said the patient, but peeved Mr. ———— :

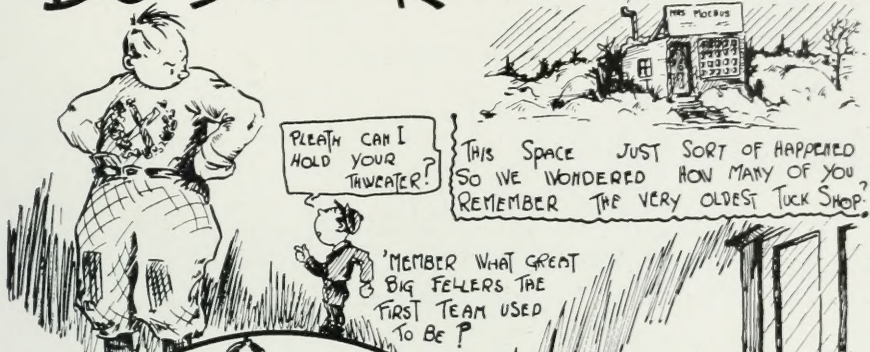
"It isn't your *proof* I'm condemning,

But when you've O, P,

L, N, Q, R, S, T

Why in Sam Hill don't you put *M* in?"

DO YOU REMEMBER?



SPEAKING OF THE SWIMMING TANK — WELL, WE USED TO HAVE A COUPLE OF PRETTY FINE SHOWERS BACK IN THE OLD SCHOOL AT THAT.



THEN THERE WERE MR & MRS ROBINSON'S BREAKFAST PARTIES. (SPECIAL ATTENTION BEING PAID TO PERSONAL APPEARANCE ON THOSE MORNINGS) — LET'S SEE, THAT WAS IN 1905.

NOW THAT'S DONE.

WHEN MR MAGEE ASKED ME TO DO A DRAWING FOR THE REVIEW, I JUST GOT TO THINKING THAT I USED TO DO A LOT OF WRITING FOR HIM ONCE — OH MY YES — USUALLY BETWEEN THREE AND FOUR P.M.



—By Guy Rutter

LOWER SCHOOL CONTRIBUTIONS

Gentles has kindly consented to give an African war-dance every night on the Upper Flat corridor.

We are glad to be able to announce that McDougal is arranging an exhibition golf-match with Mr. Robert Jones. Mr. Leathers has undertaken to see fair play.

We have heard of the absent-minded professor who opened his bed and jumped out of the window, but we can never credit the report that Mr. Tudball once wound up his kitten and put out the clock.

Stanfield deserves our sincere congratulations on winning his pillow-fighting colours for the Mumps Ward.

Mr. Tudball remarked recently that the hardest radial to catch is the 12.50, because it is ten to one if you catch it.



St. Andrew's College

Aurora, Ontario

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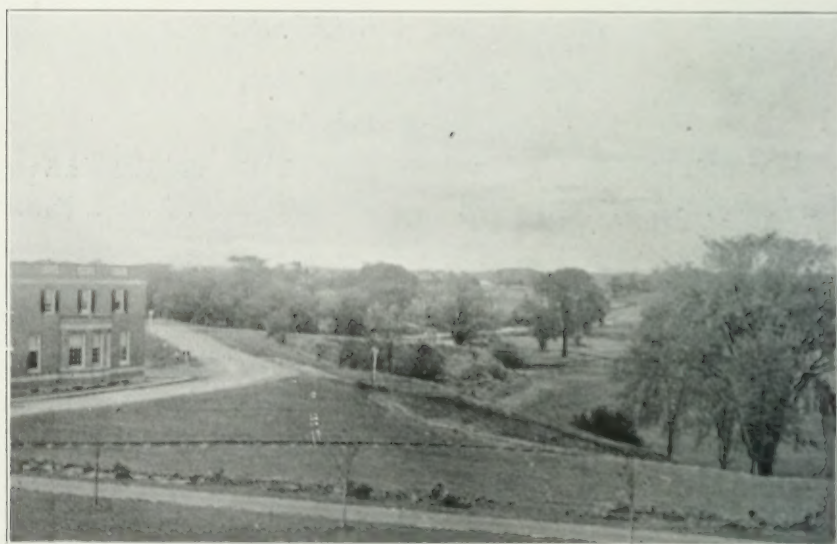
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} Representing the
Old Boys' Ass'n

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW



THE FIRST SNOW



LOOKING DOWN THE DRIVEWAY

Canada is famous for



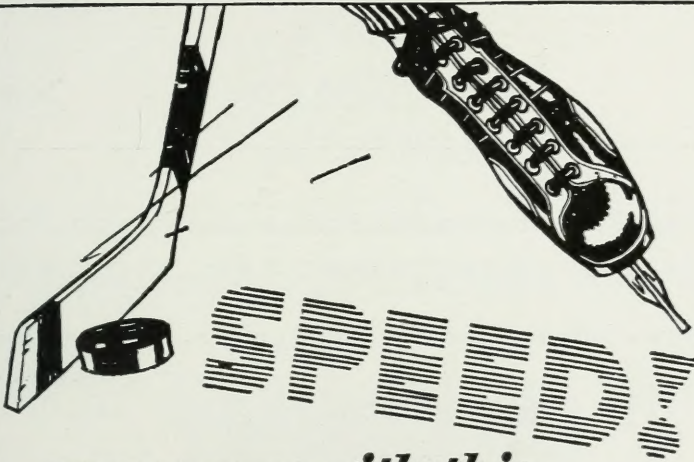
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on the 'phone,
always ask for
Christie's Biscuits.*

Most countries are famous for some national commodity that is recognized as the standard of quality the world over. For instance, English Silver, Scotch Woollens, Irish Linen — and in Canada—

Christie's Biscuits

The Standard of Quality Since 1853



*comes easy with this
light, firm hockey shoe*

SISMAN Hockey Shoes give the hockey player and pleasure skater the foot comfort that makes speed in skating come easily. This is because of their lightness and flexibility combined with the needed strength and firmness.

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LIMITED

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TORONTO

WE HAVE A YELLOW WAGON ON EVERY STREET—EVERY MORNING



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*Jewels
of patrician beauty
and distinction*

The Prince George Hotel

Cor. King and York Streets

Where hospitality and an atmosphere of quiet make this hostelry an abode sought by quiet home-loving people. Excellence of cuisine and efficiency of service is the secret of our success. Unexcelled facilities for the serving of Luncheons and Banquets. The finest dancing floor in the city.

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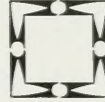
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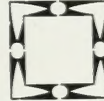
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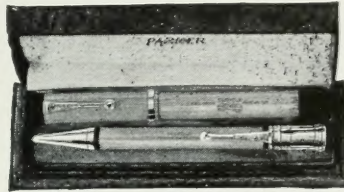
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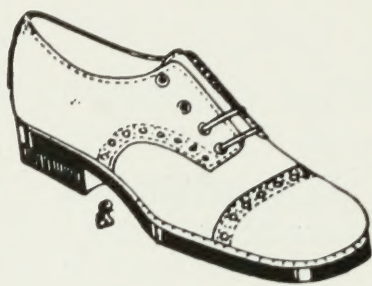
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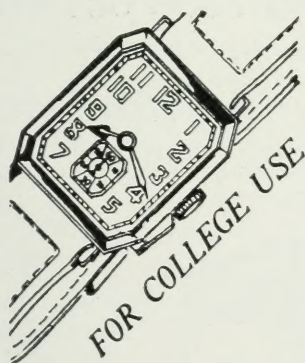
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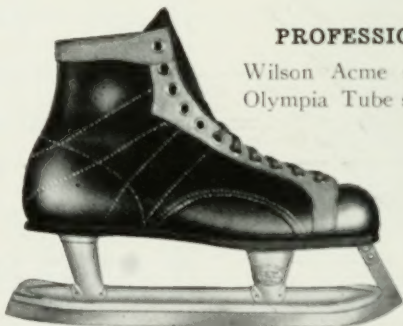
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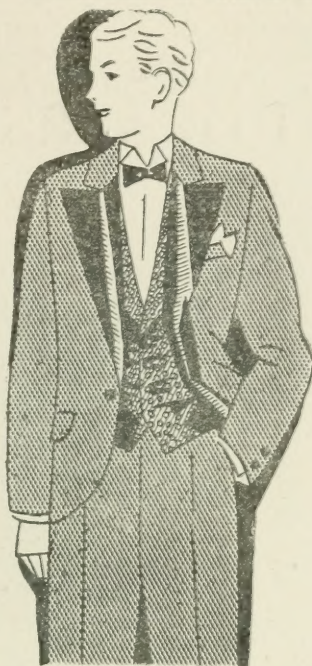
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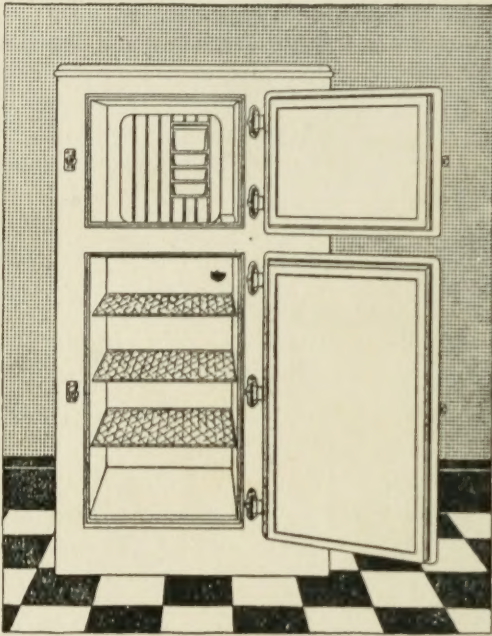
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